

LIFE



PICNIC TIME

JULY 15, 1940

10 CENTS

MOST FAMILIES NEED MORE VITAMIN B₁

Food authorities warn: 3 out of 4 families are not getting enough Vitamin B₁, the essential energy vitamin! They say much nervousness... lack of appetite... listlessness may be due to lack of Vitamin B₁.



FOOD IS THE PLACE TO GET YOUR VITAMIN B₁

The food we eat every day is the natural, wholesome way to get our daily Vitamin B₁ requirement, say food scientists. Unfortunately, in the course of processing, many of our favorite foods lose the Vitamin B₁ with which they were originally enriched by nature.



NOW, SCIENCE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE

to restore the full B₁ value in many delicious foods. Choice white corn, for example, is a grand source of precious Vitamin B₁—containing 40% more of this essential vitamin than yellow corn. Read below how you can now get in your diet the full original Vitamin B₁ value of white corn.



NOW! GET PRECIOUS VITAMIN B₁ IN DELICIOUS POST TOASTIES!

AND IN NO OTHER CORN FLAKES

This extra value comes to you at no extra cost!

NOW, at no extra cost, a new, vitally important food value comes to you in America's most delicious corn flakes! For today, the NEW POST TOASTIES bring you the same rich, tempting toasted-corn flavor that millions love—PLUS the benefits of the full amount of Vitamin B₁ that nature puts in choicest white corn!

How vastly important this Vitamin B₁ is to your family! For Vitamin B₁ is an essential "protective food." A bowlful of the new Post Toasties every day with milk can help greatly to give you the Vitamin B₁ you need—for each serving gives up to 1/3 of the amount required

daily by young children—and 1/5 of the amount required by adults and older children.

And Post Toasties are the ONLY CORN FLAKES that give you this important Vitamin B₁ so necessary in your diet!

Get a package of Post Toasties today—and tomorrow morning, start serving your family this delicious breakfast treat that helps to give them the Vitamin B₁ protection they need!

IMPORTANT NOTE: The new Post Toasties, containing full Vitamin B₁ value of choice white corn, have been shipped to grocers throughout the country for nearly two months. Many hundreds of thousands of people are already receiving this extra Vitamin B₁ protection. If you haven't tried Post Toasties recently—get a big package at your grocer's now!



YOU NEED IT EVERY DAY

Everyone should have Vitamin B₁ daily, authorities warn, for the body is constantly using up appreciable amounts of this vitamin. The new Post Toasties, bringing you the full Vitamin B₁ value of choice white corn, are an easy, delicious way to help you get more of the precious vitamin you need. So make a big bowlful of delicious Post Toasties a daily habit.



VALUE ADDED TO VALUE



Post Toasties have always given outstanding value among ready-to-eat cereals. That's because Post Toasties cost far less per ounce than most of the popular brands on your grocer's shelf—only half as much as some. For proof—compare the net weight and price of Post Toasties with other leading ready-to-eat cereals. You'll find, on the average, you get 4 1/2 ounces more for every dime you spend—4 big, extra servings of Post Toasties at no extra cost!

Now, adding value to value, the new Post Toasties bring you what no other corn flakes offer—the full Vitamin B₁ value of the choicest white corn... an amount per serving with milk equal to 1/3 to 1/5 the daily requirement. And Post Toasties give you this extra benefit not only at no extra cost, but at a saving over many other ready-to-eat cereals!

ENJOY POST TOASTIES DAILY—THE ONLY CORN FLAKES CONTAINING VITAMIN B₁



"That draft is also a draft on your bank account"

INSPECTING a commercial building, the White Fireman* found that the large attic, used for storage purposes, was vulnerable to fire through ventilating registers in the ceiling below. Fire is quick to find such openings, and the registers offered a means of quick communication to the attic. The White Fireman recommended that these ceiling openings be closed up, and the ventilation provided by safer means. He also urged the installation of fire extinguishers and fire buckets, so that small fires might be combatted in their incipient stage.

By adopting these simple improvements, the policyholder earned a lower fire insurance rating, which brought him a 15% saving in his fire insurance costs.

*THE WHITE FIREMAN symbolizes the loss-prevention engineering service maintained by this Company to the advantage of policyholders. It is available through any North America Agent or your insurance broker.

North America Agents may be found in the Classified Telephone Directories under the name and identifying "Eagle" emblem of . . .



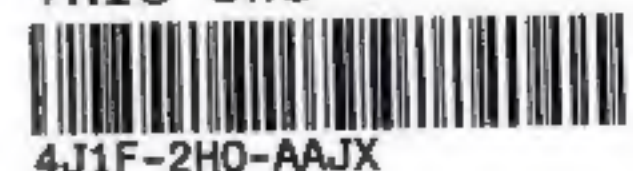
Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA



This oldest American fire and marine insurance company and its affiliated companies write practically every form of insurance except life. FOUNDED 1792 • LOSSES PAID: \$444,000,000

This One



4J1F-2HO-AAJX



This painting by R. F. Zogbaum, originally owned by Admiral Dewey, has recently been presented by Mr. Bartlett Arkell to the Vermont State Capitol. It shows Admiral Dewey in 1898 at the Battle of Manila Bay which he won without the loss of a single man.

Two Deweys . . . Two Battles

Dr. Julius Y. Dewey, father of the Admiral, fought a different kind of battle but one just as successful. A much beloved Vermont physician of his day, he was inspired with the ideal that life insurance could help bring happiness, through protection and security, into American homes. In 1850 he with others founded the National Life of Vermont, one of the earliest legal reserve mutual companies in the United States.

National Life of Vermont continued to build soundly and well. Today its service is available through representatives in 36 States and the District of Columbia. National Life representatives are chosen for character and trained to help you adapt a life insurance plan to meet your particular needs. Why not ask one to call? Look in your phone book under "National Life Insurance Company of Vermont."

NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANY
HOME OFFICE—**VERMONT**
MONTPELIER.

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dunkirk Footnote

Sirs:

The epic of the evacuation, the drama of Dunkirk, will never be completely written. All its horrors and heroisms will provide the material for future unwritten memoirs and many histories. I would like to add a very small footnote to this story before it is too late. It is the exquisitely brief description of how two Englishmen who were there, saw it and told their staggering stories to each other. In the magnificent understatement of their recital lies perhaps all the strength, all the tenacity, all the guts of the British character.

[The scene is a small dining room of a wayside inn on a beautiful sunny day in Gloucestershire, June 5. (This is the day after the last survivors had been taken off the beach at Dunkirk.) Enter two young British non-commissioned officers, healthy, rangy and red-faced. One of them is a redhead, the other a curly-haired blond. They shake hands stiffly, smile awkwardly, mumble first names at each other. You see that they are acquainted but have met for the first time in several weeks. They proceed at once to a dining-room table. They order lunch thoughtfully and this conversation follows:]

Red Head: H-um-er-when did you get back?

Blond Officer: Yesterday. You?

R. H.: Day before. (Pause for eating) How was it?

B. O.: Had quite a party.

R. H.: We did too. Rum business.

B. O.: Quite. See many Jerries?

R. H.: Oh, yes. Kept it up all the time. Nasty bastards.

B. O.: I-er-I-er-well—I was just wondering what became of Vyvian.

R. H.: They got him. (Pause for eating)

B. O.: Well . . . how did it happen?

R. H.: Oh, the Jerries gave him just about everything.

B. O.: Lose your kit?

R. H.: Oh, rather!

B. O.: A nuisance. What? (No answer) Glad to be back?

R. H. (Very enthusiastic): Oh, yes. Wonderful weather! (Another pause for eating)

B. O. (Vaguely embarrassed at this unwarranted lengthening of the conversation): U-mm-er—by the way I-er-had a further distinction—was torpedoed on the way back.

R. H. (Appreciatively): Oh, I say.

That ended the conversation of two British soldiers who had participated in the most historical campaign in modern history.

CLARE BOOTHE

New York, N. Y.

Invasion of the U. S.

Sirs:

Your article in the June 24 issue on how the U. S. may be invaded is only one of a flood of panic-raising articles that LIFE has been guilty of.

BARBARA ENGLER WISE

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I'll bet you've been derided plenty for your invasion sketches. But perhaps it will be instrumental in getting some action instead of words toward material armament and, if so, we will certainly be grateful to you for having augmented our equipment.

DAVID C. PETTIT

Las Vegas, N. M.

Sirs:

Why on earth publish such stuff? To give aid and information to the enemy? Why do you not send this copy of LIFE to Hitler and his cohorts?

ELLEN J. Y. PREYER

Greensboro, N. C.

Sirs:

I cannot express my gratitude for your grand efforts toward making the American public wake up to its sacred responsibilities of preserving our great

(continued on p. 4)



**DON'T WAIT
ANOTHER MONTH**
before using Tampax

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

DO YOU REMEMBER how free and unhindered you were as a girl of twelve? What would you give to feel that way again? Would you give a month's trial to Tampax? It would mean the end of all your pin-and-belt troubles, for sure!

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, it works on the principle of gentle absorption, allowing no odor to form; therefore deodorants are unnecessary. No bulging, chafing or visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax at all. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

The big news now is that Tampax comes in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. They meet every individual need for any time of month. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Full supply for one month now available at new low prices.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

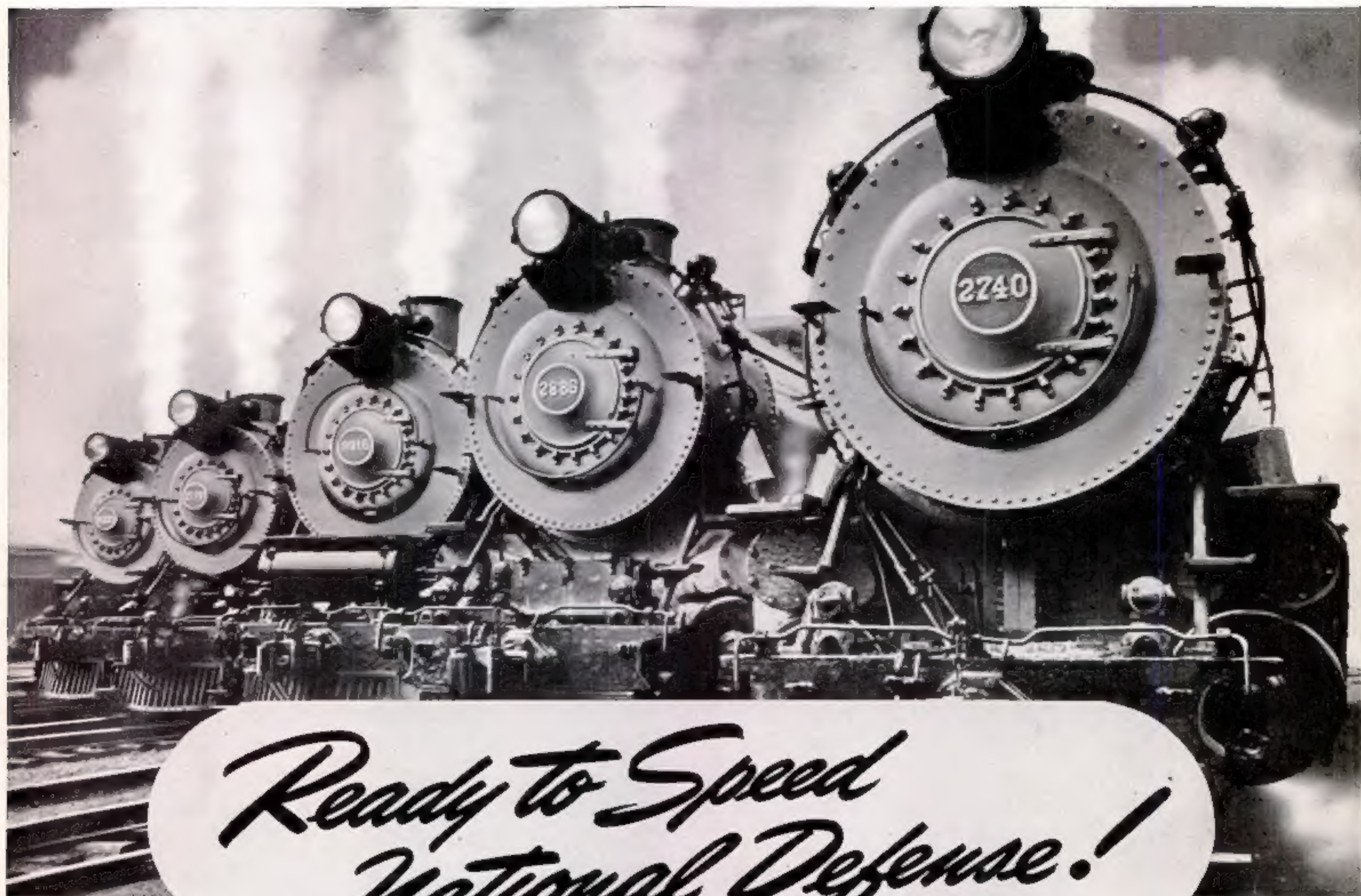
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Ready to Speed National Defense!



EVERY loyal American wants to see his country prepared to meet any emergency—and a strong nation needs strong railroads.

The very size of the United States and the need for mass movement of men and supplies over long distances make railroads the foundation of national defense, as well as of our normal transportation system. Other forms of transport which ordinarily haul about one-third of our commerce supplement the railroads, but cannot take their place.

So it's sensible to ask, how is the nation's No. 1 transportation set for doing its job?

And a compact answer to that question is:

In speed and operating efficiency the American railroads today are at the highest peak in their history.

That's a strong statement. Here are the facts—

The average speed of freight trains today is 62 per cent higher than in 1920, at the close of the first World War period. Today, each freight train actually performs more than

twice as much transportation service as twenty years ago.

Operating efficiency was tested and proved between August and October 1939, when the railroads handled *the biggest increase in traffic ever recorded in so short a stretch of time* — and handled it with such smoothness and skill that in the busiest week there was a daily average of 64,299 surplus freight cars in good order and ready for duty.

All this didn't just happen. Despite lean years railroads have recognized and met their obligation to keep fit. Heavier rails have been laid, better equipment has been developed, new terminal facilities have been installed, literally billions of dollars have been put into better and more efficient plant and equipment.

In the operating end, new methods have been developed for having cars available for loading whenever and wherever freight is ready to move — and for sorting and speeding freight cars through classification yards at a rate as high as 1 car in every 12 seconds.

And as an example of how the railroads are equipping themselves to handle increased traffic, consider this fact: In the first six months of 1940, they placed in service more new freight cars than in any like period in the past ten years.

All of which shows that railroad men know their business — and are awake to their responsibilities.

As an essential arm of national defense the railroads should be strengthened and supported by sound and impartial public transportation policies.

TRAVEL AMERICA—by Rail
See your ticket agent about Grand Circle Tour!





"There I was, in my own garden, picking TEA!"



1 Everything seemed a little queer, somehow—yet there was Myra, next door, hanging out some stockings—which was reassuring! "I didn't know you grew tea," she called. "What's the big idea?"



2 I remember feeling quite superior. "Oh yes," I told her, "we always grow our own tea. It's the only way to be sure of getting the little, tender, young leaves—and you know they have a *much* finer flavor!"



3 "Fiddlesticks!" screamed Myra. "Why doesn't somebody tell you about Tender Leaf Tea? You're a GOOSE!" And sure enough, I *was* a goose, all of a sudden—with a long neck and feathers. That's when I woke up!



1 Today I fairly rushed to the store to ask for Tender Leaf Tea—I was so glad to lose those feathers! "Is it really the little, young leaves?" I asked. "The flavor will tell you!" said Otto. "No coarse, old leaves in *this* package!"



Your grocer has Tender Leaf Brand Tea in 3½- and 7-oz. packages—and in the new FILTER tea balls. Enjoy the finer flavor and fragrance of the choice, young tea leaves—today!

Copyright, 1946, by Standard Brands Inc.

Listen to "One Man's Family" on the NBC Red Network every Sunday

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

democracy. Your article and illustrations will no doubt jolt many well-meaning American citizens out of their complacency.

D. HERBERT YASEEN

Chicago Heights, Ill.

Occupation of Norway

Sirs:

The smoke screen of uncertainty and confusion surrounding the occupation of Norway is slowly lifting. Reports may now be judged in the light of what really took place.

Much was written about treason in Norway. One of the reports stated: "Somebody in the naval-controlled base at Oscarsborg in the Oslofjord . . . disconnected all the Norwegian electrical mines, which had rendered the sea entrance to Oslo virtually impregnable."

There were no mines in the Oslofjord. The cannon at Oscarsborg, on the other hand, blasted and sank the German expeditionary force's flagship, the *Blucher*.

In the same report it was claimed that: "The Norwegian traitors still remain anonymous, save for a few conspicuous cases. But the Norwegian fortresses of Kongsvinger and Sarpsborg stand on the record of their act."

The veracity of this report must be judged by the fact that Kongsvinger fortress was dismantled in 1905. The fort at Sarpsborg had not been in use since 1933.

The report goes on to say: "German planes laid a smoke screen across the harbor of Trondheim as the Nazi warships steamed in."

The facts are that the German warships forced Norwegian fishing boats and small steamers to accompany them while they steamed past the fortifications at the entrance of the fjord. Imbued with humane spirit the commandant of the fort refused to fire for fear of massacring his own countrymen.

A strange story was also told about the little fortress of Hegra. It was related that the commander had ordered its surrender but that a young lieutenant threatened to shoot the first man who left the fort.

This report is not borne out in fact. The Hegra fort was built to protect Norway from a possible attack from the east. Since 1933 it had contained no



WILHELM MUNTZE DE MORGENSTIERNE

garrison, but when the German invasion occurred, Major Holtermann gathered some 190 volunteers and took up position in the old fort which had only ten small cannon, 15 machine guns and no anti-aircraft guns. This tiny garrison held the fort against the vastly superior German forces from April 9 to May 4, the day after the Allied forces had been withdrawn from southern Norway.

I have before me a report written by Reidar Claffy, an American citizen of Norwegian-Irish extraction who saw the arrival of the German forces in Oslo. Mr. Claffy writes:

"It is untrue that, as reported, tens of thousands of Oslo people stood lined up to stare at the invaders and that most of them were able-bodied young men. There was plenty of elbow room on Karl Johan Street. The people of Oslo received the Germans with deep resentment. The resistance of the Norwegians was heroic. From the fighting districts of the country, ambulance and bus

(continued on p. 1)

sale

NEW

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

ALL 3 FOR 49¢

75¢ value

SOLAREX

SCIENTIFIC SUN GLASSES

SUNSHINE is GOOD for your Body . . . BAD for your Eyes.

SOLAREX Filters Out 94% of Sun's Harmful Infra-red Rays

For Men, Women and Children . . . 39c, 49c, 59c . . .

Look for the SOLAREX Displays at Sun Glass Counters

SUPER SOLAREX

Perfect Ophthalmic Lenses, Finest Quality Made . . . Retain Natural Outdoor Colors . . . \$1.75, \$2, \$2.25

BACHMANN BROS., INC., EST. 1833

1420 EAST ERIE AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA

"Certainly, I'm Giving My Family This
MODERN EXTRA ADVANTAGE"

Intelligent American mothers know key vitamins play an important part in health, vitality, resistance, mental abilities—even good looks. Now "Vitamin Rain" makes daily vitamin protection easy. By serving the new *Quaker Puffed Wheat* and *Quaker Puffed Rice* with fruit and milk, you get key vitamins A-B₁-C-D-G in one delicious, quickly prepared breakfast combination.



New Quaker Puffed Wheat and Quaker Puffed Rice Announce
"VITAMIN RAIN"
For Modern American Families

**Unlocks Way to
Daily Vitamin Protection**

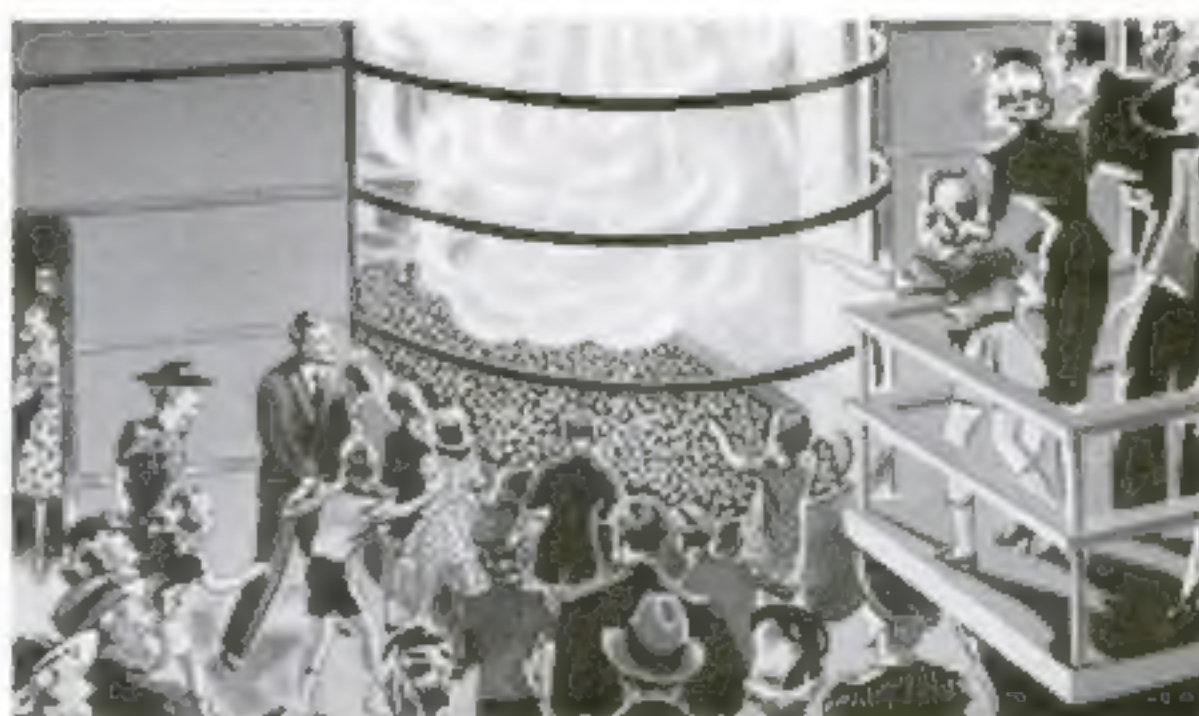
● What mother doesn't want to give her family every special advantage possible! That's why busy American grocers have seen such keen interest displayed by customers in the new "Vitamin Rain" breakfast food. Always famous for tempting deliciousness, the new *Quaker Puffed Wheat* and *Quaker Puffed Rice* offer "Vitamin Rain" as a bonus to cereal buyers—without extra cost.

"Vitamin Rain" really takes the confusion out of vitamins—makes it possible to enjoy the benefits of daily vitamin protection, almost automatically. Now you can forget about charts and figuring, yet still *know* that your whole family starts every day with nearly half

of that day's minimum requirements of the great key vitamins—A-B₁-C-D-G. Thanks to Quaker's "Vitamin Rain" food process, all you do is serve the New *Quaker Puffed Wheat* or *Quaker Puffed Rice* supplemented by the vitamins already present in a glass of milk and your usual fruit (orange juice, peaches, tomato juice, etc.). It's as simple as that!

The corner grocery store is now vitamin headquarters. You'll want to give your family the extra advantage of these key vitamins daily. Smart tip—get a package each of *Quaker Puffed Wheat* and *Quaker Puffed Rice*, serve on alternate days. Just be sure to ask for Quaker in the familiar red and blue box, light proof to protect crispness and vitamin value as your assurance of "Vitamin Rain." Today is a good day to start building this extra advantage for your family.

*Simply Serve the delightfully tempting New *Quaker Puffed Wheat* or *Quaker Puffed Rice* with fruit or milk. This delicious breakfast combination gives every member of your family at least 40 per cent of minimum daily vitamin needs almost automatically. (Made possible by the measured portions of vitamins B₁-D and G in *Quaker Puffed Wheat* or *Rice*, supplemented by the vitamins in milk and fruit.)



"Vitamin Rain," an extra step in the making of *Quaker Puffed Wheat* and *Rice* literally showers vitamins on these famous, delicious foods.

NOW KNOWN!...GREAT EXTRA ADVANTAGES OF LIBERAL VITAMINS DAILY



**THE NEW QUAKER PUFFED
WHEAT AND RICE**



Copyright 1940 by The Quaker Oats Company

Insist on THESE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS in buying hosiery

For men and women
GARTER TOPS
made with
Lastex
THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT



All leading makers of the various below-the-knee lengths of hosiery for men, women and children now offer this greater comfort and convenience. "Lastex" yarns are knitted right into the tops in the making, eliminating garters. The tops make no difference in the washing and outlast the hosiery itself. But be sure you get "Lastex."

For women
STRETCH TOPS
made with
Laton
ANOTHER MIRACLE YARN...
EXTRA SOFT AND
ULTRA FINE



All leading makers now offer this modern improvement—to minimize runs by offsetting garter pull and knee bend, to keep seams straight. Two-way stretch cross-bands of "Laton," a new elastic yarn, are knitted into the hosiery below the welt, in many beautiful designs. They make no difference in the washing and outlast the hosiery itself. But be sure you get "Laton."

"Lastex" and "Laton" are elastic yarns manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York City



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

drivers brought back gory tales. The Norwegians, they said, sat in the trees with machine guns and gave the enemy a hot welcome!

Commander Hjalmar Riiser-Larsen, who has just assumed his duties as Norway's naval attaché in Washington, tells of a conversation he had with the German naval attaché in Oslo. The naval attaché expressed his surprise at the Norwegian resistance. "Why don't you lay down your arms now?" he asked Commander Riiser-Larsen. "Now you have saved your national honor, you have defended yourselves bravely and well." Commander Riiser-Larsen said that the Norwegians would not lay down their arms but would fight as long as they could.

And so they did. They fought in southern Norway until the Allied forces had to withdraw. They battled in northern Norway until the allied British and French forces were ordered out. The national honor of Norway remains not only intact but enhanced.

WILHELM MUNTHE
DE MORGENSTIERNE

Norwegian Minister to the U. S.
Washington, D. C.

Strip Teaser

Sirs:

I regret very much that you should select for an illustrated article in the June 24 issue of LIFE such a topic as Margie Hart and her strip-tease act. This unfortunate girl should not be encouraged by advertisement of her performance and you should take into consideration the harm you may do by drawing the attention of youth to this exhibition. Nothing in this world is so precious as innocence. I feel we should all make every effort to preserve it, for once gone it can never be recovered.

FLORENCE H. HAINES

Vincetown, N. J.

Sirs:

To an old burlesque fancier like myself your article on Margie Hart, queen of all the strippers, was like a sweet June breeze. With the legs and shape of a goddess and the eyes of a friendly devil, she is heaven incarnate. May God give more such blessings to mankind. Ah-men.

MORTIMER MORSE

Jersey City, N. J.

Attempt to Photograph Paris

[The following letter was recently received from Andrew Heiskell, one of LIFE's correspondents in France. It was sent from Lisbon, where Heiskell, along with other LIFE Paris staff members, had taken refuge.—ED.]

Sirs:

On June 13, which turned out to be the last day that Paris remained a French city, we made a desperate attempt to get back and photograph the doomed, deserted capital before the Germans arrived. We left our three-day-old evacuation headquarters in Tours and drove northward armed with military authority and an intelligent, forceful soldier assigned to us by the Ministry of Information.

From the start we faced solid columns of refugee cars jamming both lanes of the road with one-way southbound traffic. The first hundred miles took seven hours. By dusk, completely exhausted, we reached the village of Roncevaux, 50 miles from Paris. Rather than battle on in total blackout we decided to pull up, get some sleep and drive on to Paris at dawn.

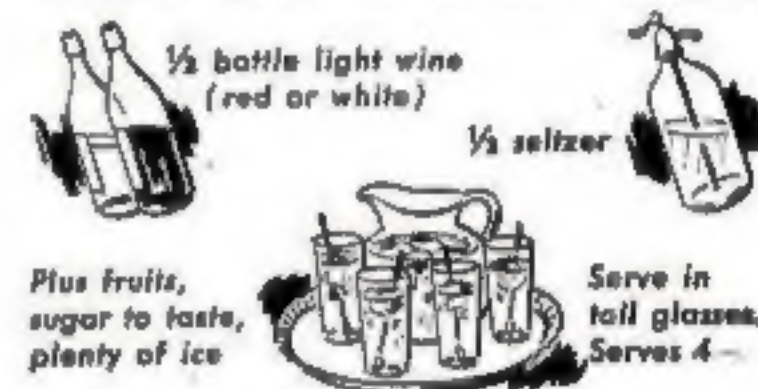
Suddenly we were aroused by hoarse shouting voices. Mydans [LIFE photo-reporter] felt the cold touch of a pistol against his temple. The soldier and I faced double-barreled shotguns. "Hands up. Get out. One false move and we shoot." There were five men surrounding the car, all yelling at once.

(continued on p. 8)

New "COOLER" made with WINE scores SUMMER HIT



NOW REPORTED in high favor all over America is a new hot weather drink called a wine "cooler." You serve it in tall glasses a-tinkle with ice. It looks pretty as a fresh bouquet, has a marvelous refreshing tang. Wine coolers are smart because they're moderate. Set out this gay surprise next time you entertain. Made in a jiffy.



OTHER "COOLER" RECIPES FREE

at the store where you buy the wines of California. California wines are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco



IT WON'T WILT



This single service picnic spoon doesn't wilt, bend, buckle or break—even in hot drinks, foods. Made of clean, naturally pure wood, strong, rigid, velvet-smooth, tasteless, odorless. Used by the better places where ice cream and foods are served. Sold in all stores. Ask by name, **Ritespoon and Ritefork**. Made only by Oval Wood Dish Corporation, Tupper Lake, N. Y.

Ritespoon • Ritefork

Only \$10 weekly
for fine N.Y. hotel



Write for picture book of our 3 fine, friendly hotels for young men & women. \$10 up weekly. \$2 up daily. Social & club features. Address MIDSTON HOUSE, 22 East 38th St., N.Y. City.

Allerton Houses



Snapshots of our Fair Vacation— What a Trip!



We got off to a great start!
Took Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct Route"—can't beat that!



Washington saw us first! You get a free stop-over. How do you like our White House pose?



Real Patriots, we folks—before the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia; another free stop-over.



Hello, World's Fair! You glide right to the gate on the Pennsylvania's "Direct Route"—great!



San Railroads on Parade—and what a show! Wish we could pilot one of those swell new engines!



Those Foreign Buildings—round-the-world in a mile! We're going to have a lot of fun with these shots.



Looked Pretty Tiny in this "snap" against the crylon and perisphere—but this Fair is a big place!



This Night Life gets you! Fountains playing in color . . . fireworks . . . man! you're in Fairyland.

Make your vacation days Fair days! And go as America goes . . . by Pennsylvania Railroad's "Direct Route." Avoid all highway and driving worries. Relax in a private room of your own on the *Luxury Fleet*, where you enjoy the newest Pullman appointments . . . or in a soft reclining seat in a cool air-conditioned *Luxury Coach*. Either way costs you little, as fares are so low. From Chicago you can ride the de luxe all-coach *Trail Blazer*—that's a real pre-Fair thrill! The "Direct Route" goes through historic Philadelphia, so you can stop off and see the many patriotic shrines. Or you can go via Washington and return by Niagara Falls at *no extra cost*, if traveling from the mid-West. So consult your nearest ticket or travel agent now about a trip to the Fair over the Pennsylvania—and be sure to ask him about the new low all-expense tours!

Look into new Easy Payment Plan for purchasing Railroad Tickets!

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN WEST AND EAST... DIRECT ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR... STATION ON FAIR GROUNDS

See The Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco, too! Take a Grand Circle Tour. Coast to coast . . . from your home station and back again . . . \$90 in Coaches, \$135 in Pullmans, plus reduced Pullman charge. And be sure to see Pennsylvania Railroad's "Magic Movies" at the San Francisco Fair.

Here's the way Straight to the Gate!

As your Pennsylvania Railroad train glides into Pennsylvania Station, New York, merely step to a waiting electric train...in 10 minutes, for 10 cents, you're at the Fair. No complications!



And here's how little it costs

Examples of Coach Fares to New York

	One-Way	Round Trip
From Chicago	\$18.20	\$27.25
From Cleveland	\$11.45	\$17.55
From St. Louis	\$21.15	\$31.75
From Cincinnati	\$15.05	\$22.55

Round-Trip Tickets good 60 Days

STILL LOWER FARES on week-end Excursions from Detroit, Dayton, Cincinnati and intermediate points; also on 1-day and week-end Excursions from Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh and nearby points. Practically all trains carry coaches.

ASK ABOUT LOW PULLMAN FARES





The making of a Gentleman begins early

WHEN he is about three, Mother gently points out that it isn't good form to knock down a lady or to hit her over the head with her own teddy bear. Nor is it courtly, as Father suggests a year or so later, to run her down with his velocipede.

Now, as the boy grows older, comes dancing school (oh hated thought!) where, between emotional awakening and patient teaching, the rough social edges begin to wear off.

The little girls he used to belabor are now strangely changed . . . mysterious, delicate, and beautiful things, to be attended, cared for, and protected. For the small reward of their smile, his tie must be straight, his shoes aglow, his trousers pressed. For them he must rise, he must bow and perform a hundred other little gallantries which once he scorned. And while he learns that these gestures are the keys which unlock a woman's heart, he learns also one of the most important truths of all:

That good looks, agreeable manners and charm count for little

when the breath is "off color," and that the nicest precaution against this offensive condition* is Listerine Antiseptic.

Start Him Early, Mother

If his mother is smart, she will start him on this delightful daily routine as early as she can.

It's a breath freshening habit that may pay him rich dividends in health and popularity his whole life through . . . the standby of countless attractive men and women in the business and social world. A pretty sensible precaution for anyone to take, don't you think?

*Although systemic conditions sometimes cause halitosis (bad breath), fortunately, the most common cause, say some authorities, is fermentation of tiny food particles on the surfaces of the teeth, gums, and mouth. Listerine Antiseptic, used as a mouth rinse, quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes its odors. The breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, purer . . . less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic always before business and social engagements at which you want to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE for Halitosis (BAD BREATH)

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

Much cursing and gun prodding accompanied their warning. Hands stretched upward, we scrambled out of the car. From the way our captors were muttering "parachutists," we had guessed by this time that we had been picked up by the Civil Guard, an organization of patriotic oldsters charged with defending France against parachutists.

Six hands in the air, barefooted and half dressed, we padded down the rocky half mile of road to the village. Protestations of innocence were useless. "Good night's catch," cried the Civil Guards. As I was imagining the unpleasantness of a rural lynching a group of real soldiers arrived, all highly amused at the sight of three ridiculous-looking "parachutists." They escorted us to the local gendarmerie where we were searched. Fortunately Mydans had his papers with him in his pants. We were locked up in a pitch-black room for the next two hours. During this time we heard the lieutenant calling the departmental gendarmerie for a car to take away his three "suspects." No one had a car. At last they remembered our papers and sent someone to fetch them. After



ANDREW HEISKELL

thorough examination and interrogation, the military regretfully decided we were not parachutists and told us to "get the hell out of here quick."

But at the gate we walked straight into the Civil Guards waiting for us with guns cocked. They had no intention of letting us escape and demanded we be taken to departmental headquarters. To this demand the military bowed, explaining however that the only car available was that of the suspects and that no one to date had been able to start it. Thus I would have to drive it. The Guards proudly refused to be driven by a "parachutist." He might run them into a tree. After more palaver they finally consented, explaining loudly that they would hold a gun against the nape of my neck and would blast me to bits if I made a false move.

It was now our turn to object. It was evident that if the Guards were to present our case to headquarters we were doomed to spend at least three days in prison. I begged the friendly lieutenant to come along. He not only agreed but brought along eight soldiers, making a total of 16 people hanging on the car. Once at headquarters, the leaders of the two opposing parties marched in to plead their case before the chief. After ten minutes we were ushered in. Mydans' flashlight was tested against a wall to be sure it was not a pistol disguised as a light and our soldier's pistol was unloaded. We fished out more and more papers, relevant and irrelevant. Just as we assumed our case was about to be settled the chief of the gendarmerie said: "All spies have perfect papers. You have too many papers and they are in too good order." This last assault of Gallic logic set us back another hour. When we were finally released the Civil Guards departed moodily, refusing even a ride home.

Next day we were turned back from Paris. The Germans were already within the gates.

ANDREW HEISKELL

It Pays to own a
RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

Matches often won't strike
in sultry weather



The famous, patented
RONSON action.
"Press, It's Lit—Release, It's Out." Can't
light accidentally.
Extinguishes automatically.
No match is safe. A RONSON
is your best form of
fire protection.

"Who's got a match that isn't too damp to light?" It's happened to all of us. So whether you're going to the beach, on a picnic, playing golf or just sitting on the terrace, keep your RONSON handy. It'll light in ANY weather. Q Incidentally, a RONSON is about the most impressive, practical and all-round satisfactory week-end gift you can imagine.

Free book, "What's New in RONSON." Address RONSON, Dept. 61, Newark, N. J. See RONSONS for handbag, pocket, every room in the home, at your jeweler, department store and other fine shops. Built to fine jewelry standards. \$3.75 to \$30.00.

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3. Should Never Leave You
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I'll say "33 to I"
wins at the 19th Hole!



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BLUE RIBBON
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America—and the
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American Beer in the
Rest of the World!

The goodness never varies—because
every single glass of BLUE RIBBON
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Then you'll discover what beer flavor and
beer smoothness can really be!

For in that glass—and in every glass of Blue

Ribbon is a blend of not two, or five, or twelve
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can make it.

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that's what makes Blue Ribbon America's Pre-
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... and a goodness that never varies.

Sometime today, have the pleasure of meet-
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It's the BLEND that Better's the Beer

Try **Pabst Blue Ribbon** *and Prove it*

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . THIS IS WEDDING ALBUM OF A SOCIETY BRIDE



Kat put on her white-satin bridal gown with a full veil 4 yds. long at the Hotel Pierre. A bridesmaid helped her dress.



With her father she left the hotel for the church at 4:20 p.m. Groom gave her orchid and lily-of-the-valley bouquet.



They drove off in family car. She kept her left hand bare so Bill could put the wedding ring on her finger.



Full of smiles, Kat and Bill left church and walked arm-in-arm down the steps under a canopy to car awaiting them.



In family car they drove back to reception in the main ballroom of the fashionable Hotel Pierre on Fifth Avenue.



The receiving line included the six bridesmaids, maid of honor, the bride and groom and all their parents.



Kat returned little circular pearl pin she had borrowed for the wedding ceremony from Elaine Ott, her maid of honor.



Newlyweds danced together to *Make Believe*, their pet song to which they were listening when they became engaged.



Mr. Spence cut in on his daughter and almost all the guests stood up, applauded and smiled as they danced.

These happy scenes will forever remind a slim, handsome couple of day they were wed. Photographed by Jay Te Winburn, society photographer, they are a treasured sequence from the bride's wedding album.

The wedding of Kathleen ("Kat") Spence of White Plains, N. Y. and William A. Reed Jr. of Purchase, N. Y. on afternoon of May 17 was a leading New York social event. The couple, friends for

three years, became engaged last summer. Kat attended Rye (N. Y.) Country Day School and Finch Junior College. Bill, who went to exclusive St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H., fell in love and never got to college. Instead he went to work for a New York bank.

On the day of the wedding, after a big party the night before, Kat lunched with her six bridesmaids. She gave each of them a little Swiss sports watch.

Bill gave his eight ushers pearl stickpins. They were married at 4:30 p.m. in fashionable St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church. Afterwards they received, danced, drank toasts and were wished happiness at a reception at the Hotel Pierre. Then they sped off for a three-weeks honeymoon salmon fishing in Canada. Back in New York, brown as berries, Kat and Bill are now searching for their first home.



Three bridesmaids arrived at church together—Elizabeth Powers (left), Eleanor Frothingham, Jane Bedford.



In St. Bartholomew's Dr. George Paul Sargent married the couple as ushers, bridesmaids, choir stood in background.



As newlyweds came out of church after the half-hour ceremony, Kat gave her bouquet to the church maid to hold.



Mrs. Ogden Reid, wife of publisher of the New York Herald Tribune, stepped up to congratulate the couple.



Champagne was served and Kat took a glass after receiving guests. No cocktails or hard liquor were passed, however.



The bridesmaids giggled and Dr. Sargent smiled when Kat and Bill kissed before going in to the seated wedding supper.



At the bridal table the excited couple found little time to eat as the congratulatory telegrams kept pouring in.



Champagne in hand, everyone rose to toast Mrs. Spence. The groom's mother and each bridesmaid were also toasted.



Triple-decker wedding cake was rolled in on table. Together Kat and Bill held the knife to cut the first piece of cake.

Is she old enough to drive?

Mother says, "She really has no need to drive—can't she wait a year or so?"

Father says, "She handles a car like a veteran—that girl's a born driver!"

But is Mary, or Frances, or Betty—that daughter of yours—is she old enough to drive?

Her forehead is deadly on the tennis court. She can cut out a dress, bake a fine cake, and the boys think she's grand.

But does she know that most cars weigh more than a ton, why there's red in traffic lights, and that one hand on the wheel and another on a powder puff aren't enough hands either place?

Legal driving statutes take the attitude it is lawful for girls of a certain age to drive automobiles—as they do for boys.

But the law won't make time pass any faster those times you wait for the crunch of driveway gravel to tell you "Daughter's back with the car!"

* * *

You have talked of many things to daughters—and to sons.

Some sink in; some don't.

Some are easy to say—and easier for them to disregard.

Some they take with a grain of salt; some they absorb.

On the matter of a daughter's driving, perhaps a third party may help to impress upon her mind the responsibility she is asking for.

We have tried to put such thoughts in the manner a young girl will appreciate and understand. We have called them—

For a Girl to Read Who Thinks She is Old Enough to Drive

* * *

DEAR DAD AND MOTHER:

I am about to ask you for permission to start using our car. Don't say I'm too young—other girls, even younger than I, drive cars.

I don't want to drive the car just to be smart, I really need it to be with my friends, and to go where my activities take me.

Here is my own personal driving code—
To keep on the right side of the road,
and the right side of every speed limit.

To keep my eyes on the road, my hands

on the wheel, my mind on the job.

To remember there are other people using the same roads I use, with just as much right to those roads as I have.

To look upon an automobile under control as a service to man; and out of

control, an instrument of man's destruction.

I will try to drive well and thoughtfully. I can't promise never to dent a fender nor lock a bumper—accidents can happen—but I promise to try to avoid even them.

That is the way I feel about driving our car.
—YOUR DAUGHTER

* * *

When a girl has such an attitude, we believe she is probably old enough to drive.

WHY DOES LUMBERMENS PUBLISH THE ABOVE MESSAGE?

In other words, why don't we write our advertising about low-cost-with-safety automobile insurance? Or steady growth, starting in 1912, to the biggest single name in automobile insurance? Or about prompt settlement of claims? Or any other important feature of Lumbermens Automobile Casualty insurance? The answer is a simple one. Our business is a service to motorists. We feel this includes far more than paying a claim after an accident happens; helping accidents not to happen is fully as important.

You need or will need automobile insurance soon. When that time comes we suggest you call the Lumbermens agent in your vicinity. He knows cars—insurance—and advantages to you of our new policies.

J. S. Kemper
PRESIDENT

CURVE OF CONFIDENCE shows increase in Lumbermens policyholders during the 28 years since the company's founding.

Lumbermens

MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



Waiting to catch bride's bouquet, bridesmaids eagerly clustered at foot of stairs on which Kat stood. Jane Bedford, of New York, caught eight. Bridesmaids came from New York, Rye, Peekskill, Brooklyn and Boston.



Ready to start their honeymoon, the newlyweds changed into their going-away clothes. Kat wore her brides Bill gave her present of her pearl-gray suit. She wore a dress with a green belt and a long hair with soft waves.



They left the hotel in family car, then got out a few blocks away where Bill had parked his car and sped north on a three-weeks honeymoon to fish for salmon in New Brunswick, Canada. They sent back several crates of salmon.

Now!



YOU CAN GET RID OF BUGS WITH THE truly fragrant INSECT KILLER



IN THE HOME

New, different and better DWIN out-modes all old-fashion kerosene sprays. It's the modern way to kill insects in the home --- and in the garden, too! Truly fragrant, it contains the aroma of a hundred flowers -- use in the garden without mixing or changing.



IN GROCERY STORES

Thousands of grocers, butchers, bakers and others use DWIN. It may be used around foods without fear of tainting or spoiling. There's no kerosene in DWIN. Hotels, restaurants, clubs appreciate DWIN because it does not leave a film of oil on glasses or chinaware.



IN COCKTAIL ROOMS

Actually, there is no substitute for DWIN insect killer, made for effectiveness and efficiency -- not price -- DWIN COSTS MORE but is WORTH IT. At grocery, drug, hardware and department stores. Baldwin Laboratories, Inc. Saegertown, Pa.

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As fragrant as flowers in May



**YOU'LL LOOK NEAT
UPON THIS SEAT**

PATRICIA MORISON
FEATURED IN
**PARAMOUNT'S
"UNTAMED"**



MARY, YOU LOOK
DARLING IN THAT
PLAYSUIT. DON'T
YOU JUST LOVE THE
8 CYCLING COSTUMES
THEY HAVE THESE
DAYS?

THEY'RE NOT ONLY
FLATTERING—
THEY'RE THE MOST
COMFORTABLE



MARY, CAN YOU
MAKINE GRANDMA
WEARING THOSE BIG
BLOOMERS WHEN
SHE RODE
A BIKE?

POOR GRANDMA!
HALF THE FUN
OF 8 CYCLING
IS WEARING
CUTE COSTUMES



DID YOU EVER
RIDE A
HIGH-WHEELER,
DAD?

NO SON I NEVER DID
BUT FOR GOOD LOOKS
AND EASY RIDING
THESE 1940 BIKES ARE
WAY AHEAD OF LAST
YEARS MODELS—
TO SAY NOTHING
OF HIGH-
WHEELERS



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Keep Trim—Keep Slim—Keep Cycling!

LIFE'S PICTURES



Jay Te Winburn is the photographer who filled the pages of LIFE's wedding album (pp. 10-13). In the last ten years he has seen more wedding cakes than most people have light bulbs and he still likes his job. Winburn grew up in North Carolina, where his father, John Thomas Winburn, had a portrait studio. His mother christened him Jay Te because she couldn't stand having two John Thomases in the house. Before he was 17, he had decided that studio work was what he liked best, and now, at 30, 93% of his work consists of wedding photography.

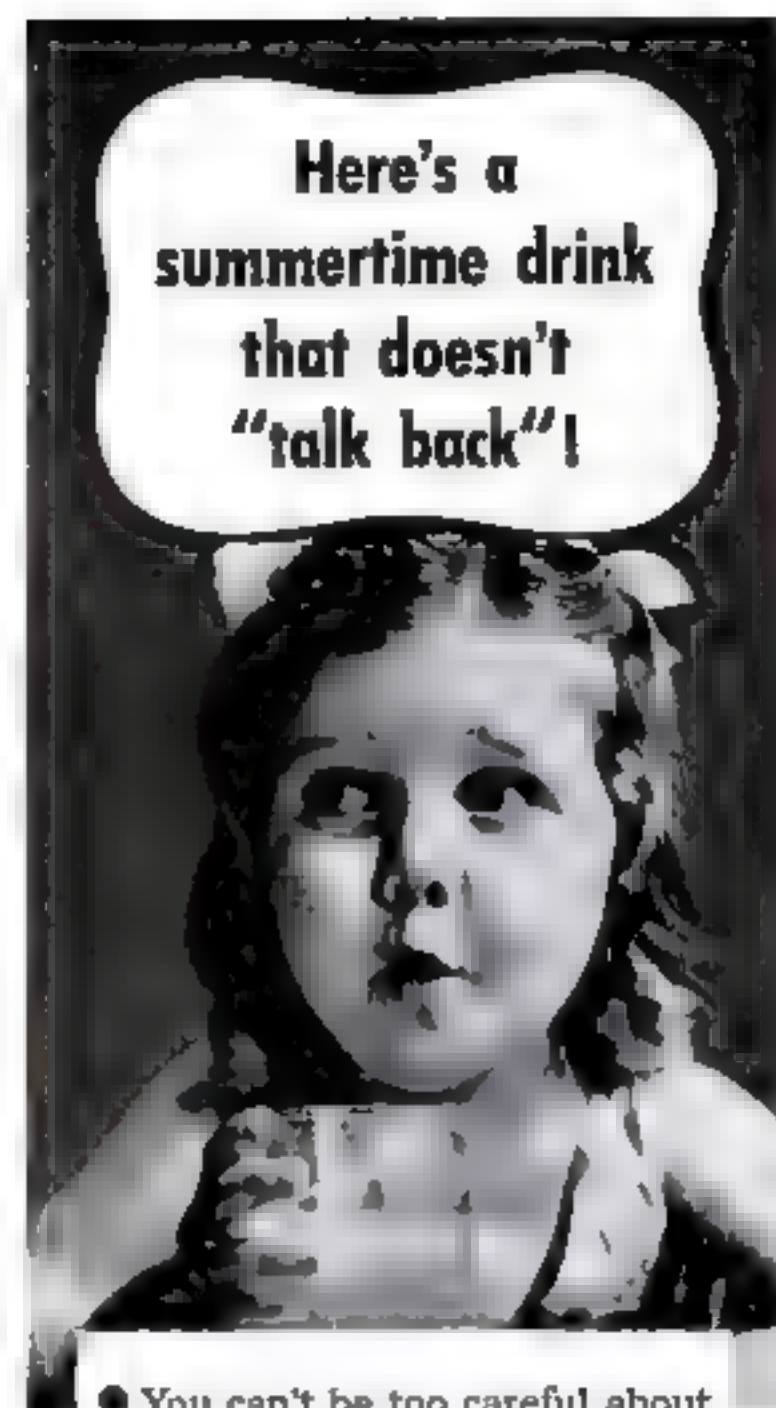
The wedding business is more exciting than it sounds. Only this spring, while trying to get a last shot of a fleeing bride, Winburn mounted a chair, was pushed off and fell on a flash bulb. Undaunted by a bad cut in his wrist, he ran out into the street, followed the bridal car to the first stop light and got the picture.

On June 22, he covered 14 weddings in 12 hours. In a case like this his son helps him out and they both fly from altar to altar in chartered planes, which worries Mrs. Winburn.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified

- COVER—PETER STACKPOLE
4—ACME
5—EISENSTADT-PIX
10 through 14—JAY TE WINBURN
17—NEW CHRONICLE—A. P.
18—LA. BRITISH PRESS COMBINE MAP A. LEYDENFROST; BOB FL. C. ANDERS & CO.
19—BOB F. ANDERS & CO. HANS WILD
20—JACK COBBINS—TED BAITERY
21—A. LEYDENFROST—E. J. MATHEWS
22—WILLIAM VANDIVERT
23—P. I. A. P.—A. P.
24, 25—INT.
26—A. P., CEN. STED JONES, BOB INT.; A. P.
27—A. P.
28, 29—HAROLD W. SNELL; MAP PAGE 29, THOMAS MOSS
30—WILLIAM C. SHRETT
31, 34, 36—GEORGE STROCK
39, 40, 42—WERNER WOLFF, CAMERA FEATURES
43, 45—NINA LEEN-PIX
48, 49—NORMAN MCGIBATH—GERT KELLER
50, 51, 52—HART PRESTON
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58—PETER STACKPOLE
61 through 64—GORD FROM H. A.
67 through 75—EISENSTADT-PIX; MAP PAGE 71, THOMAS MOSS & ANTHONY SOBARD
76 through 78—NATORI from H. B.
79—PALL DORSEY
81—ROBERTSON MEEFLIN CO.
82—KEYSTONE
84—WALLACE MORGAN—P. I.
85—P. I. WALLACE MORGAN
86—WALLACE MORGAN
90 through 93—HART PRESTON
95—EUR

ABBREVIATIONS: BOB BOTTOM, CEN. CENTER, EXCEPT LT. LEFT, RT. RIGHT, A. P. ASSOCIATED PRESS, B. B. BLACK STAR, EUR. EUROPEAN, INT. INTERNATIONAL, NEWS P. I. PICTURES INC.



Here's a summertime drink that doesn't "talk back"!

● You can't be too careful about what you drink these hot days if you want to avoid upset stomach.

That's why so many folks play safe and stick to grapefruit juice as their hot weather cooler. It's a grand thirst quencher, this tangy, delicious Florida canned grapefruit juice that's loaded with vitamins and minerals. Best of all—it's good for you in a dozen different ways. And you can't drink too much! Your grocer has it.

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LIFE'S COVER: Summertime is picnic time. And a new wrinkle in picnics—or perhaps a very old one—is Rita Hayworth's Hollywood bicycle picnic (see p. 58). Here is Rita, photographed by LIFE Photographer Peter Stackpole, a bicycle fan himself, as she starts in on the potato salad. She wears a white sharkskin playsuit, accepted Hollywood costume for bicycling. Despite the caterer's paper container, Mr. Stackpole testifies that the girls prepared the food themselves in Rita's kitchen and has photographs to prove it. For another picnic, see the Cape Cod clam bake on page 67.

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How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Dorne



Lil: Arthur—that's a horse, not a hearse! Put some pep in it!
Art: Aw, Lil! I didn't wanta be an actor.



Aunt Patty: Lil, it's a plain case of no pep appeal! I'll bet he doesn't get all his vitamins. Come over to my house and I'll show you lesson number one—a lesson entitled "KELLOGG'S PEP."



Aunt Patty: And don't let him forget it, Lil! Right in that crisp wheat-flake cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, the ones our diets are most likely to be deficient in, vitamins B₁ and D.

Art: Holy smoke, Auntie! It's delicious! Why haven't you told us about it before?



Art: You know, KELLOGG'S PEP and those other vitamin foods she told us about might make a lot of difference in me!

Lil: From now on, my handsome hero, you're going to be the most vitaminized man in Suffolk county!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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"CHEVROLET'S FIRST AGAIN!"



ENGLISHMEN OF THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENSES WATCH ON THE CHALK CLIFFS OF THE CHANNEL FOR THE GERMAN PLANES THAT CHALLENGE THEIR ISLAND FORTRESS

THE DEFENSE OF BRITAIN ROUSES ITS PEOPLE FOR A LIFE-AND-DEATH FIGHT

Between the Nazi military machine and America still stand an island and a fleet. Cried the commander of that island, England's Prime Minister Churchill, last month: "The Battle of France is over. The Battle of Britain is about to begin. Hitler knows he will have to break us in this island or lose the war. If we can stand up to him, all Europe may be freed. But if we fail, the whole world, including the U. S. and all that we have known and cared for, will sink into the abyss of a new dark age."

These were the words of a desperate and resolute people contemplating gigantic disaster. "We confess," writes Hitler's military professor, Ewald Banse, "that it gives us pleasure to meditate on the destruction that must sooner or later overtake this proud and seemingly invincible nation, and to think that this country, which was last conquered in 1066, will once more obey a foreign master."

The preliminaries of the Battle of Britain have already begun. German air raids in ever-increasing force and ferocity are testing out the English defense system. (At least several hundred civilians have been killed to date.) How the Nazis propose to go on and try to take England is shown on the following pages. Their success is strategically possible but it may be balked by the facts that an over-water invasion against a strong sea power is tactically almost impossible and that once aroused, the English people are tradition-

ally tough fighters. The English hold the open sea but they cannot hold the narrow waters of the English Channel. They therefore have an active "front" of about 50 miles along the southeast coast dominated by German artillery and planes.

England's soldier defenders, including Empire troops, total 1,300,000 of whom 250,000 have already drawn German blood and felt the impact of the Nazi Army in Flanders. In addition there are 500,000 half-armed civilian defense volunteers, 1,250,000 Air Raid Precautions volunteers, 2,000 first-aid posts, 190,000 ambulances, 300,000 hospital beds, bomb shelters for 30,000,000. Above all, there are the 300,000 men of Royal Air Force, actually the real shield of England, if they can keep their bombers and fighters in the air.

Since the Flanders debacle Britain and its people have been working feverishly night and day to perfect an adequate defense against the dreaded German invasion. All road signs, hotel, railroad and store names, church notices, that might give away locations to a German invader have been removed. Englishmen have been told to give the Germans no information, to send up rockets where a parachutist lands, to "shoot them, shoot them, shoot them," to disable all cars standing idle, to ring church bells only to warn of parachutists, "to make your garden a fort," to keep off the beaches, to ignore rumors, to hide maps, bicycles, food and gasoline and to "work like hell."



The systematic bombing of English factories, air fields, munitions works and coast defenses begins by wrecking a garage.

(continued)

BEACH FIGHTING IS KEY TO AN INVASION

It is no trifling job to invade a united England and, in fact, after all his threats, Hitler may not try it now. Instead he may do something entirely unexpected like striking at Gibraltar or Egypt or Iceland while trying to bomb England into moral defeat and starve it into submission with a U boat and plane blockade.

But if he does decide to attack, the bird's-eye map at right shows the terrain of action and the four drawings on the following pages illustrate Hitler's newest war tools and how they would look in use. For Nazi troops such an invasion would probably begin on the beaches—a special kind of fighting in which the ex-B. E. F. has had excellent training at Dunkerque. Below are some belated pictures of the English fighting on the Dunkerque beach.



On the beach at Dunkerque, a British soldier shoots back at German planes. The Englishman at right seems to have been hit. This is pure irritation, has no effect on planes. Notice the curtain of explosions in the background, the rows of live, dead and wounded on the sand.



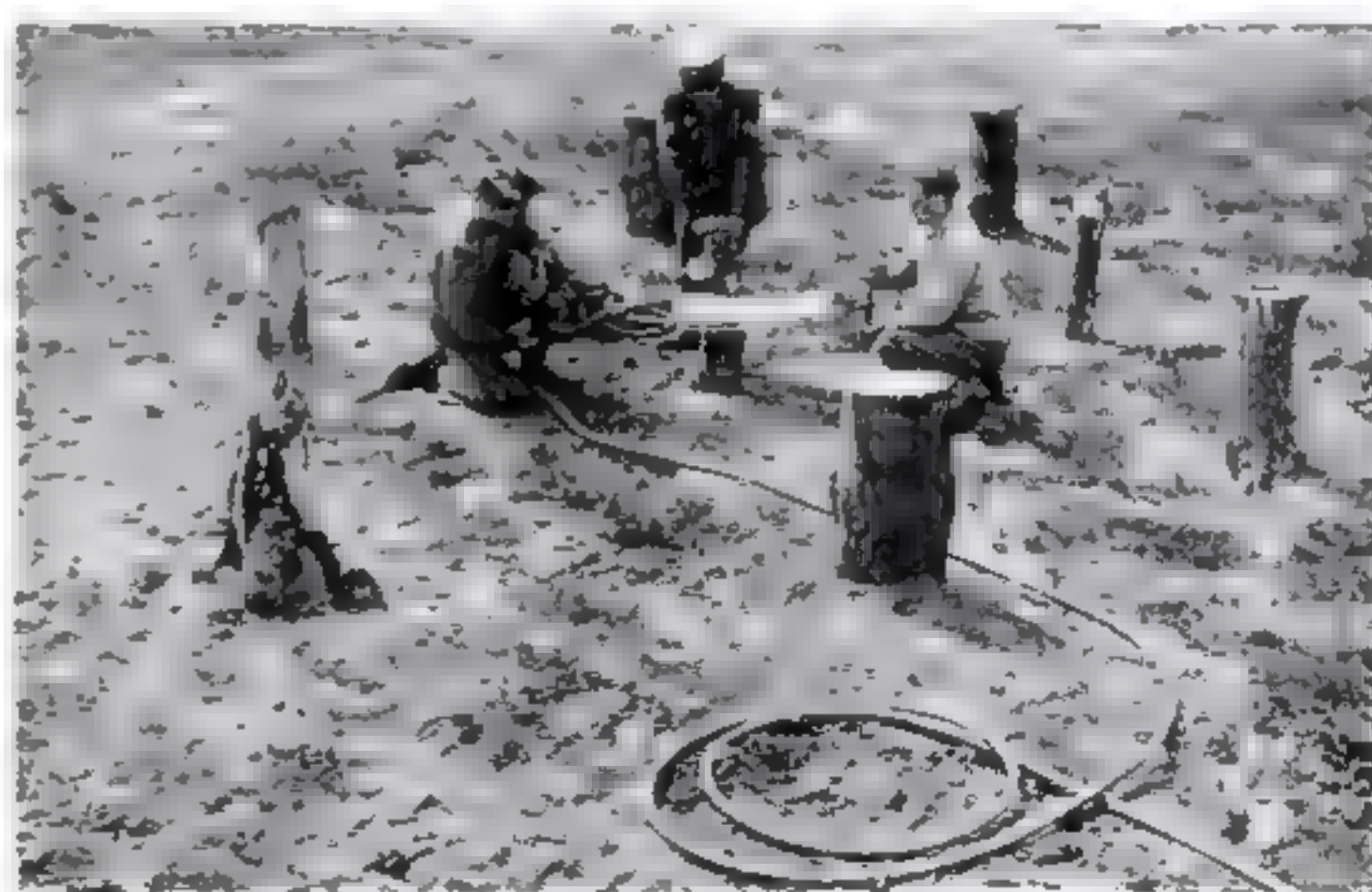
Roles will be reversed on the beach if Nazis attack Britain. Dunkerque retreat was terribly difficult but a cinch compared to what Germans would face in trying to get foothold on English coast. English started with a foothold, had also seapower. Germans start with neither.



Men of Dunkerque are now back in England saying, "The Germans never defeated us. Every time we met him, man for man, we defeated him. We would like to give him a taste of what we got on Dunkerque beach." Only road sign left in England now says: "To the North Pole."



An ideal invasion of England is mapped above. British Navy, not shown, would be all over the map, stabbing at the Germans. Interviewed by LIFE in London, British Military Expert Laddell Hart said: "Chances are good for a German attempt at invasion in the south,



A British tank trap is made by three men with pneumatic saw by using both stumps of trees and sawed-up sections of trunk. English meadows suitable for plane landings are also being broken up with obstructions to trip and wreck the invading aircraft as they try to land.



southeast, Scotland, southwest of Ireland at many widely separated points. Among definitely possible enemy weapons are included gas, artificial fog to cover crossing, air-borne and swimming tanks. Air-borne tanks are too light for successful operations in hedge-bound

England. Greater menace are swimming tanks brought near the coast by transports or barges. Invaders probably wouldn't attempt to create a bridgehead but would try to sweep inland. Likeliest time for invasion is a night when the Channel and North Sea are foggy.



Coils of wire, if backed by machine gunners, wrap themselves around the axles and treads of the invaders, slow and stop them. This is not a bad defense on England's old hedge-bound lanes, which are often sunken. But tanks would simply go straight across country.



Shallow trenches, here used by anti-aircraft gun crew, are good defense against dive bombers. Such trenches across open English fields would also wreck a German plane trying to land. Production of British guns was up from 50% to 228%, tanks up 115% for the month of June.

(continued)

IMAGINARY INVASION OF ENGLAND



The German Army charges across the English Channel in this speculative drawing of how the Germans might attempt the invasion of England. Behind mine sweepers, fast motor torpedo boats (left) and destroyers (right, rear, sinking), all-steel barges would carry tanks and men across at a speed of 30 knots, driven by airplane propellers. Planes (top, right) would convoy, eastern half of Channel would be barraged by shore artillery and smoke would blanket western half. Enter British Navy (right).

The fight on the beaches of southeastern England. The forepart of the German barges flaps out to let the tanks roll down to the beach. Again the Germans make generous use of smoke shells thrown out by trench mortars (left) to blind the English defenders. If the Germans can sweep all British planes from the sky, they can probably make, maintain and expand such a landing. But here they are met by angry British regulars, machine guns, British planes, while a British tank column roars up.





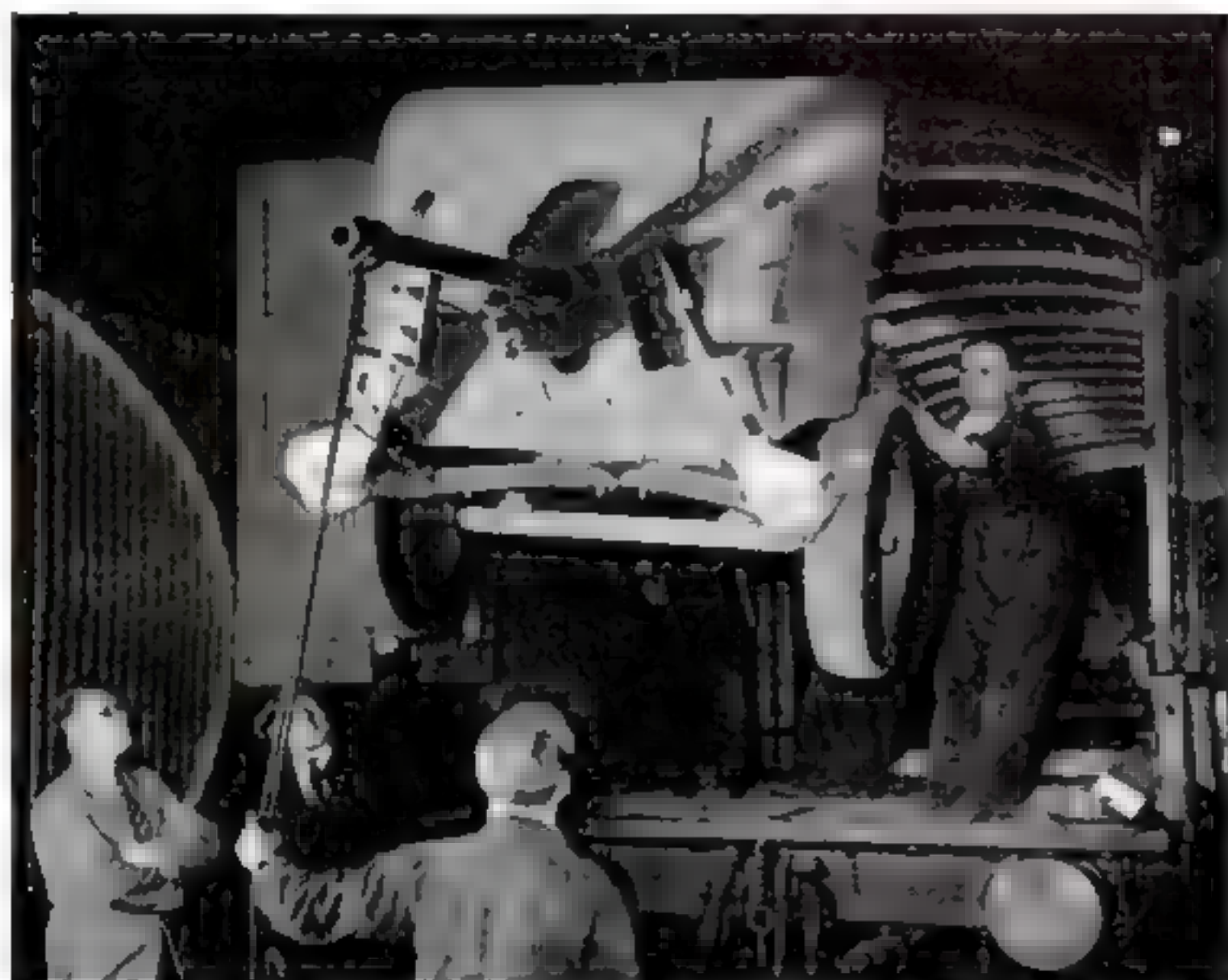
Englishmen's dread is this scene of a hundred German parachutists floating down on a British airfield after German bombers have blasted bridges and R. A. F. planes (left). To speed and stop them, British regulars with tanks and Bren guns are coming up. Englishmen organize "forward" troops: I.D.V.s—Home Defense Volunteers, tried to speed all open holes and holes—was possible—along roads by trenches and fences, built backhouses and flat areas, armored buses and trucks, given guns to railwaymen.

Tank-carrying planes, tried out in Rumania by Russians, are not unknown to the Germans. Parachutists have already taken out airfield defenses. First tank planes have landed. A thousand German transports carrying 20 paratroopers, could ferry invasion every two hours into England if these men could hold the ground until the British planes were out of the fight. The tank is a 1-ton piece stuck between the plane's wheels. The English volunteer statguns would make little impression on it.

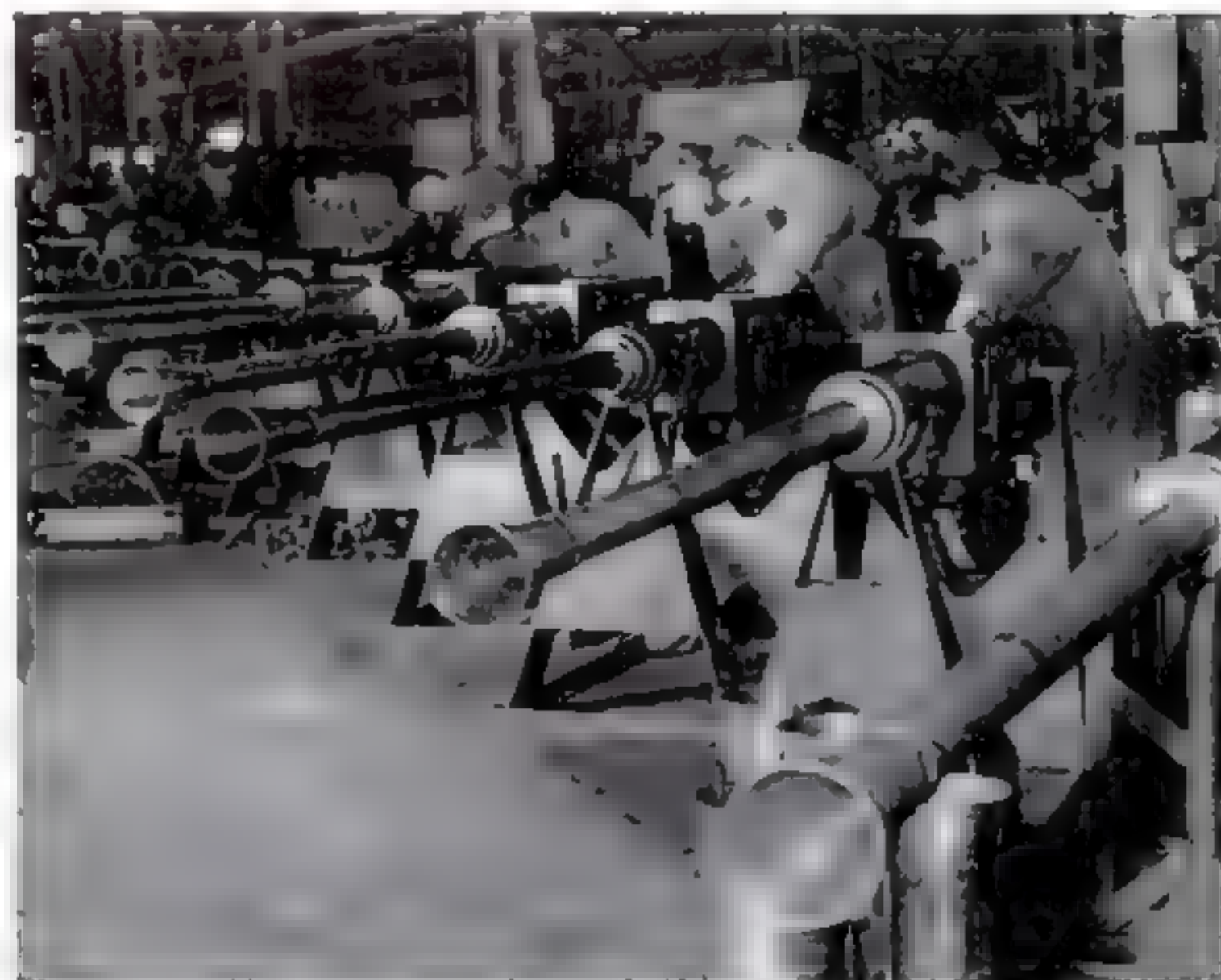


(continued)

ENGLISH FACTORIES BELATEDLY SPEED UP PRODUCTION OF TANKS AND GUNS



Excellent anti-tank gun (40 mm.), able to pierce 2-in. tank armor, is loaded into an English factory truck. Trouble is that this gun still has production "bugs," is hard to produce in quantity. Anti-tank guns are the only weapons that really stop tanks. Britain needs them bad.



These anti-aircraft guns are the famed Swedish Bofors model, used by most armies and made on license in England since 1938. Their 120 super-sensitive 2-lb. shells a minute have to make a direct hit on a plane, rarely do. Trumpet mouth of gun is to hide the flash from the plane.

THREE ASSEMBLY LINES IN A BRITISH FACTORY PRODUCING ON 24-HOUR SCHEDULE THESE CRUISER TANKS BASED ON THE AMERICAN CHRYSLER AND ITS RUSSIAN IMITATION



THE MANPOWER OF THE EMPIRE RALLIES TO THE DEFENSE OF BRITAIN



English motorcycleists of Northern Ireland Fishers toe the mark for invasion—Hitler's *Mein Kampf* speaks with awe of English people's "determination to fight and tenacity and unflinching courage," in heroic nation "but Englishmen are too cowardly to shed their own blood."



Canadians, now perhaps 40,000 strong in England, guard Buckingham Palace—Because of English blunders and delays in mobilizing its potent Empire, only four active squadrons of Canadian pilots are now fighting with the Royal Air Force—Canadians are great air fighters.

THROUGH ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE MARCH SOME OF 50,000 BIG BRONZED AUSTRALIANS—TALL LEAN QUEENSLANDERS, HEAVY-SET TASMANIANS, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY VICTORIANS



(continued)

SHOULD THE U. S. HELP BRITAIN WITH DESTROYERS

The U. S. Navy has 236 completed destroyers and 61 a-building. This makes ours by far the biggest destroyer fleet in the world. War has whittled the British destroyer fleet down to 150 (Germany has 10, Italy 97, Japan 138).

A fast flashy little fighter, the destroyer serves its country best in close-in combat in such narrow waters as the English Channel. For this reason hard-pressed Britain has been asking the U. S. for the right to buy 35 U. S. destroyers, on the assumption that many of them were decommissioned and tied up to docks in San Diego and Philadelphia. What the British did not know and what many U. S. naval officers did not know was that as a result of increased operating appropriations the U. S. Navy has refitted, recommissioned and returned to active service every last serviceable destroyer in its possession. Until recently, in the ebb tide of Amer-

ican defense, 109 American destroyers were decommissioned at their docks. The historic picture below shows 60 of them laid up at San Diego. This picture is the one Americans remember when they think of U. S. naval defense, but it is a thoroughly outdated picture. The real thing is shown at right.

The question now before the American people is how best to use their ships to guarantee their ultimate safety against Adolf Hitler. The dominant facts today for the U. S. people are: 1) the U. S. is not now prepared to fight a land or air war against the Nazis, even if the Congress voted to declare war; and 2) the U. S. is open to certain and swift destruction if the British Navy falls into the hands of Adolf Hitler. In this perilous dilemma, we are asked to sell England 35 destroyers. The ensuing debate on the question boils down to the YES and NO points condensed in the boxes below.



YES

- 1) The U. S. does not now need the 35 destroyers for defense.
- 2) These destroyers might make the winning margin of seapower to save Britain and its Navy for future defense of the Atlantic.
- 3) One destroyer released to Britain now is worth a hundred airplanes, of which the U. S. has supplied 2,000.
- 4) Deserted by the U. S., the English might in bitter defeat surrender their fleet to Hitler. Aid now might save the British Navy for the U. S.
- 5) The American and British Navies could defend the Western Hemisphere in perpetuity.

NO

- 1) All U. S. destroyers are needed for U. S. defense, now and later.
- 2) Putting active U. S. destroyers against Germany is a belligerent act, inviting a declaration of war by Nazi Germany against U. S.
- 3) If it is to be war, why not send the whole U. S. fleet to England, making an English victory so much more certain, if ships can do it?
- 4) If ships cannot save England, what difference do the 35 make?
- 5) If England does surrender its fleet to Germany in defeat, the 35 U. S. destroyers will eventually be used to attack the U. S.
- 6) Even without U. S. aid, England will fight on anyway.

SIXTY-NINE U. S. DESTROYERS DECOMMISSIONED FOR LACK OF OPERATING FUNDS LIE AT THE U. S. NAVAL BASE AT SAN DIEGO, CALIF. THE YEAR IS 1937

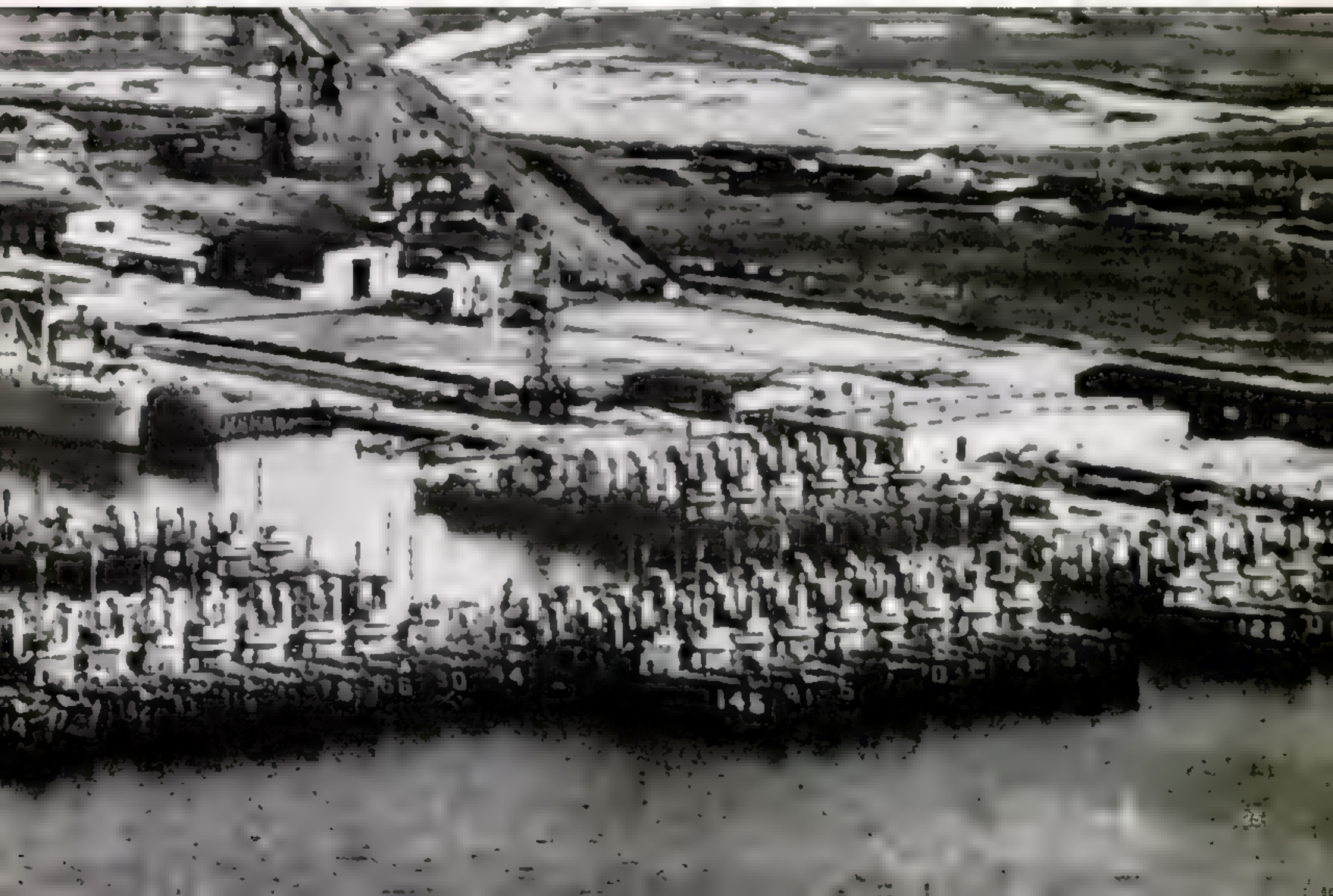




Night destroyer patrol ships through the moon-glistening waters of the Pacific. The flotilla leader in the van has hoisted its signal orders for the night. The others' answers flutter

from their vanguard. Destroyers are the most generally useful and hardworking ships in a modern all-around Navy, cost about \$4,000,000 each and displace 1,000 to 1,800 tons.

IN THE LAST YEAR THE U. S. NAVY HAS QUIETLY REFITTED AND RECOMMISSIONED EVERY DESTROYER SHOWN, A JOB REQUIRING TWO MONTHS' WORK AND NOW FINISHED



LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Americans arm against Hitler's ideas as France drifts away from democracy

As in weeks past, America last week remained astir and sounding with great moves and plans to arm itself against the threat of Adolf Hitler's military might. New calls were heard for more planes and guns and tanks, more billions and more taxes, more men to be trained for fighting in and behind the lines. But also last week, as Americans pondered the reasons for the collapse of France and the dreadful plight of Britain, responsible men began to take thought about arming against the threat of Adolf Hitler's ideas to a people who have proverbially believed that nothing succeeds like success.

No sign of Nazi appeasement appeared on the U. S. Government front. Secretary Hull stoutly stood his ground when German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop flung back at him as "pointless" the State Department's recent warning to Germany and Italy to keep hands off their new vassals' possessions in the Western Hemisphere. To the German Embassy in Washington went a turt message, inspired by the New Orleans German consul's blurt last month that "Germany will not forget that America helped the Allies," warning that foreign diplomats will be tolerated in this country only so long as they keep their mouths shut about U. S. public policy.

But President Roosevelt last week publicly conceded that some Americans are beginning to wonder if maybe Hitler doesn't have something after all. To combat that trend, he delivered a little homily on democracy, warning that the "efficiency of the corporate state is obtained only by the sacrifice of fundamental liberties."

Secretary of the Interior Ickes stepped out with a great speech, easily topping all other 1940 Fourth of July oratory and matching the eloquence of Britain's Churchill. The hard-bitten Secretary aimed his bludgeon at the awe inspired in American hearts by German successes, answered the boasts of Hitler thus:

"You listen to the orator. You hear him tell you that freedom is now a mark of inferiority and incompetence and that slavery is the badge of pride and of patriotism. You hear him tell you that obedience is the mark of a man and that independence is characteristic of a weakling.

"You listen.

"You have been listening now for a long time.

"When are you going to laugh, Americans?

"When is the big laugh, the coarse, loud laugh, the harsh laugh of Americans, going to blurt out and fill the world? When are you going to imagine to yourselves the words that Lincoln would have used if he had listened to this orator?

"When are you going to imagine the words that your fathers would have used, and their fathers?

"When is the great, hard, angry, shouting, raspberry laugh of the American people going to yell down the west wind of this continent and out to sea and on out past the horizon?

"When are you going to say, all as one man, and all together: 'We haven't even yet begun to live! We haven't even yet begun to create on this continent the new and untried and never yet realized world of freedom and security and self-respect?'"



ICKES

French Fleet Seized. On orders from Winston Churchill, the British fleet moved swiftly against the French fleet, caught it napping. At Oran, in Algeria, the British presented an ultimatum and, when it was refused, blasted the French warships before they had steam up to turn their gun turrets. Of France's two superb battle cruisers, built especially to overtake and defeat the German *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*, the *Dunkerque* was disabled and the damaged *Strasbourg* escaped to Toulon. Most of the other ships were captured. At Alexandria, a smaller French fleet seemed disposed to join the British, especially after the French sailors were promised pay on the British scale, which is 25 times higher than the French. A few destroyers were reported under British blockade at the French island of Martinique in the Caribbean.

In America there was only relief and admiration that the British for once had acted with speed and ruthless daring. Had the French fleet fallen to Germany, it would have menaced the U. S. almost as much as Britain. The German and Italian press exploded in a burst of epithets: "Piracy . . . gangsters . . . cowards . . . stab in the back"—proving that no one can be so indignant at the breaking of laws as an habitual lawbreaker.

Drift from Democracy. The blanket of German censorship over France was lifted to permit a few guarded dispatches via Berlin. From these it appeared that the French now hold very lightly the democracy for which they claimed to be fighting. A National Assembly is to meet at Clermont-Ferrand to approve a new constitution which will retain the Republic but do away with "unwieldy democratic procedure." In place of a premier who would be subject to overthrow, it will probably provide for a president with a fixed term of office. In place of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," its motto will be "For Labor, Family, Country."

As France drifted away from democracy and toward some kind of strong-man rule, two names besides that of the aged Pétain cropped up frequently in the news from France. One was that of Pierre Laval, vice premier, old friend of Italy, lone wolf of French politics, who was drafting the new constitution. The other was that of Foreign Minister Paul Baudoin.

Bomb against Britain. On the afternoon of July 3 an electrician at the British Pavilion in the New York World's Fair noticed a small canvas overnight bag in



AFTER THE BOMB AT NEW YORK FAIR

the control room of the building. Next day he saw it again, put his ear close and heard it tick. Through holiday crowds the bag was carried to a cleared space beyond the Polish Pavilion, where detectives of the bomb squad shortly appeared to examine it. They had just cut a strip off a corner and discovered dynamite inside when, with a roar, the little bag disappeared, leaving in its place a 3-by 3-ft. hole bordered by two dead detectives, two others badly hurt. As a roundup of German Bundists, Italian Fascists and Irish Republicans began, Mayor LaGuardia posted a \$25,000 reward for the bomber.

Willkie & Democrats. Democratic sniping at Republican Nominee Wendell Willkie began as scheduled.



FIRST WILKIE CLUB AND FOUNDERS

Commonest taunt: "Wall Street lawyer." When reporters brought it up at his downtown New York office, where he went last week to resign his \$75,000-a-year presidency of Commonwealth & Southern Corp. and all his corporate directorships, agile Mr. Willkie simply pointed to one of his windows, said, "Franklin Roosevelt's law office used to be in that building just across the street."

As the first Willkie-for-President Democratic Club appeared in Pine Bluff, Ark. (misspelling their man's name), Nominee Willkie busied himself with plans to set up a three-man campaign board on which the Republican National Chairman would take only second place. Aim: to subordinate GOPartisanship, snare Democratic and independent votes.



Britain began shipping its German prisoners to Canada lest parachute parties or Fifth Columnists set them loose to help invaders. A disgusted British crew landed the first boatload at Quebec and Montreal. The older officers and the Army men were not so bad, they reported, but the young airmen were "skulking, swaggering louts" who took the crew's initial kindness as a sign of weakness and heaped jeers and insults on the English. One young flier "scuttled himself" by leaping overboard in a fanatical rage. Others sat in surly silence like the prisoner gazing through the porthole on the opposite page.

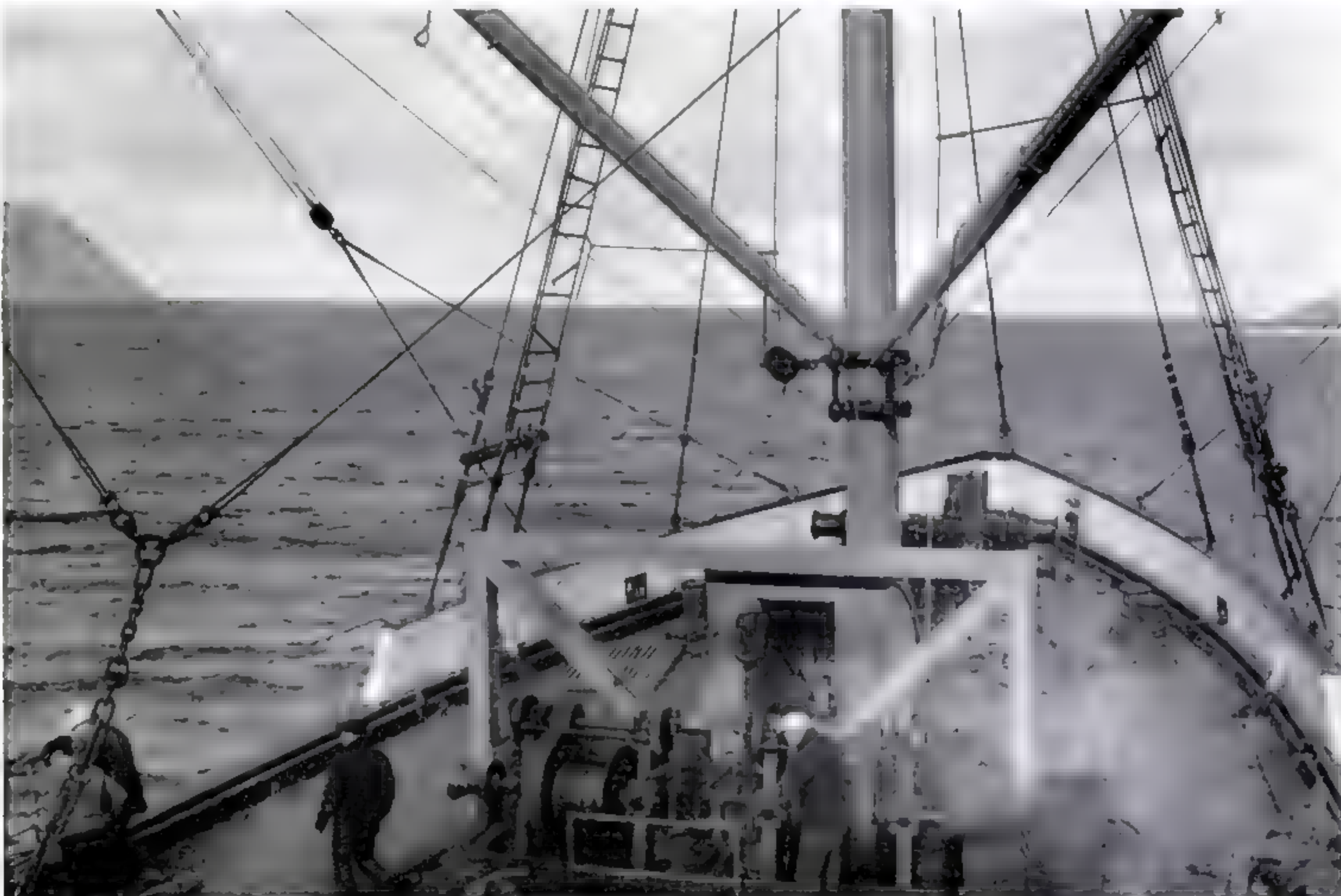
Another shipload of prisoners, mostly German and Italian businessmen who had been trading in England, started across the Atlantic on the *Arandora Star*. Not far west of Ireland a U-boat torpedoed and sank the ship. There was a mad rush for lifeboats. "The Germans," according to a soldier aboard, "fought on the decks like brutes. They punched and kicked their way past the Italians." Of the 1,640 prisoners, only 572 were landed, with most of the crew, in Scotland.



Surly German prisoner of war looks at
Canada from porthole of his prison ship



IN BERING STRAIT LIE THE DIOMEDE ISLANDS. HERE, APPROACHING FROM THE SOUTH, YOU SEE RUSSIA'S BIG DIOMEDE AT LEFT, AMERICA'S LITTLE DIOMEDE AT RIGHT.



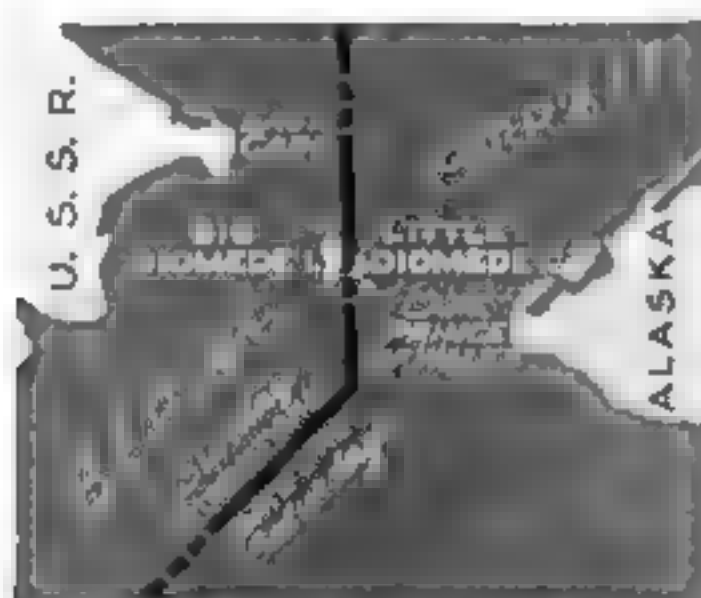
A supply ship nears the Eskimo village on Little Diomed Island (*right*). Visible on point is the government schoolhouse, where the island's only white residents—the schoolmistress

and her husband—reside. At left is Russia's Big Diomed Island. In wintertime the intervening strait sometimes freezes, making it possible to walk from the U.S.S.R. to the U.S.A.



BETWEEN THEM RUNS THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE. WHEN IT'S SATURDAY IN LITTLE DIOMEDE, IT'S SUNDAY IN BIG DIOMEDE. NORTHWARD 1,600 MILES LIES THE POLE

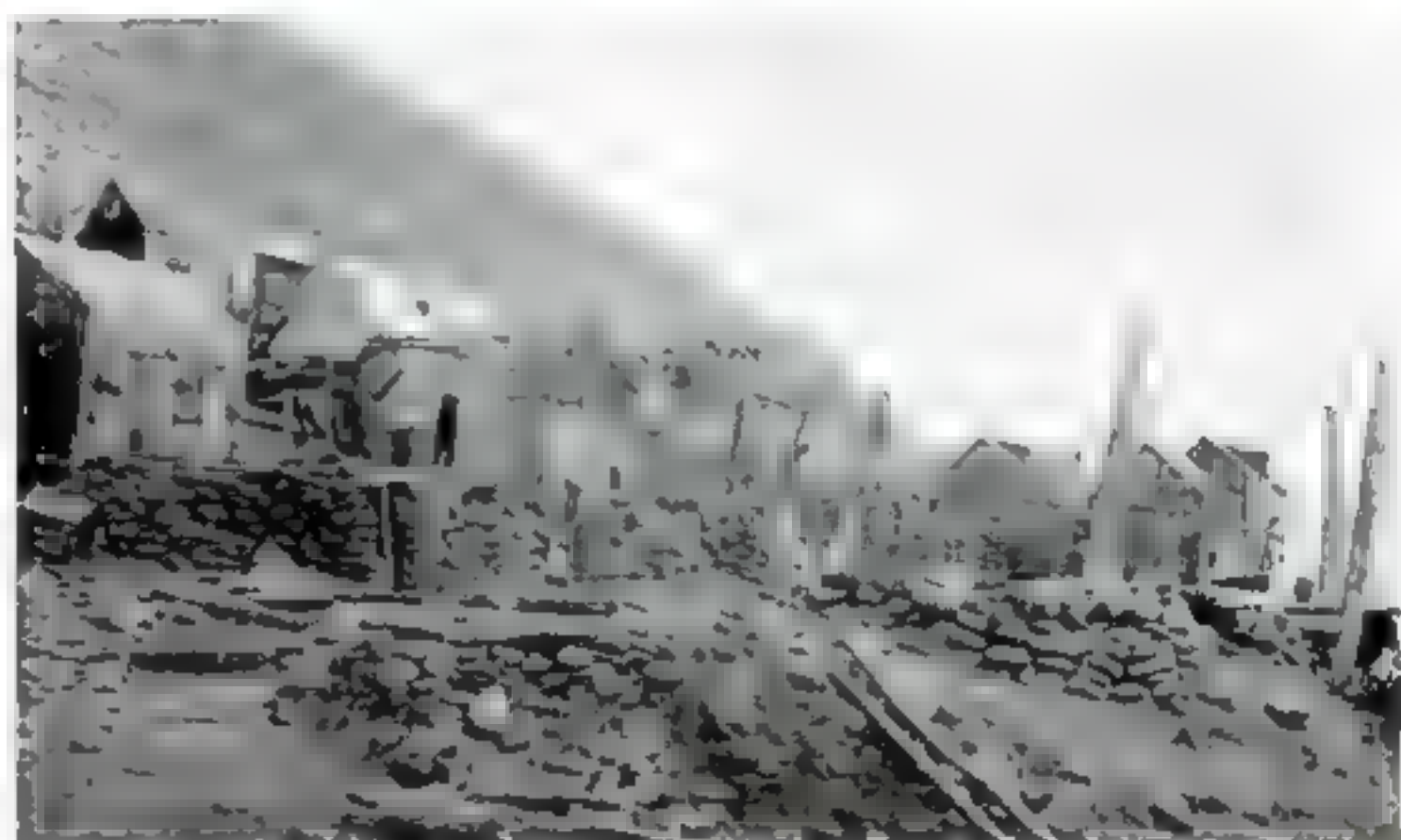
RUSSIANS ARE REPORTED BUILDING AIR BASE A MILE FROM U.S. SOIL



WHERE TWO HEMISPHERES MEET

Out of forlorn and frosty seas at the end of this Western Hemisphere last week drifted disturbing reports that Soviet Russia was building an air base on Big Diomedes Island in Bering Strait. To Alaskans this was momentous news. Bigger news to continental Americans was the discovery of a Soviet outpost less than two miles from U. S. soil. In Bering Strait, Asia and America face each other across a 56-mile strip of cold salt sea. Almost exactly in the middle of this strait ride the Diomedes Islands. Between Russia's Big Diomedes on the west and America's Little Diomedes on the east lies a mile and a half of open water, an hour's row in summer, 20 minutes walk over winter ice. Here the Western world ends and the Orient begins. Between Big Diomedes and Little Diomedes runs the international date line, where each new day begins. When Saturday dawns in Little Diomedes, it is Sunday's sun that rises across the way.

The Diomedes are granite peaks, vestiges of an isthmus across which the first Americans passed from west to east. On them live few men, many birds. In the schoolroom on Little Diomedes hangs a picture of Abraham Lincoln; in Big Diomedes's schoolroom, Karl Marx. Till recently Russian Eskimos urged American Eskimos to come to Big Diomedes, promising them they would marry white girls, become doctors, go to Moscow. Now the U. S. S. R. has halted all traffic between the islands and secret construction work is going on. Many a strategist foresees Alaska as the base of a future invasion of the West. To meet this threat the U. S. is currently spending \$30,000,000 on Alaskan bases, bastions of a vast oceanic defense line from Pearl Harbor to the Pole.



The Eskimo village on Little Diomedes has clung to this barren crag for 2,000 years. Its population: 120. Its diet: sea mammals and birds. The only green thing growing: one weed.



Cargo is lightered on rocky beach in Eskimo umaks, powered by outboard motors. Winter ice, which has worn smooth these rocks, makes it impossible to build permanent wharfs.

TWO REPUBLICAN EX-ARTILLERY COLONELS TELL SENATE THEY ARE AGAINST WAR NOW



↑ **William Franklin ("Frank") Knox, 66**, *Chicago Daily News* publisher and 1936 Republican nominee for Vice President, served as a major of the 153rd Artillery Brigade with A. E. F., retired a colonel of Reserves. Nominated by President Roosevelt to be Secretary of the Navy, he appeared on July 2 (above) for questioning by the Senate Naval Affairs Committee. Declaring for a U. S. policy of "selfish security" which would give Britain aid short of war, he won Committee's approval, 9 to 5.

↓ **Henry Lewis Stimson, 72**, shown below as he testified July 2 before the Senate Military Affairs Committee on his nomination to be Secretary of War, served with A. E. F. as lieutenant colonel of 305th Field Artillery and colonel of 31st. Protesting "unfair" questioning by Senator Taft, under whose father he served as Secretary of War in 1911-13, he managed to convince suspicious Senators that he does not favor rushing a U. S. expeditionary force to Europe, won approval 14 to 3.



COMMANDER GATTI

Returns from BELGIAN CONGO

with Great Enthusiasm for

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



Commander and Mrs. Gatti, —from the frontispiece of their book, "Great Mother Forest," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.



The de luxe caravan at Niangara. All the trucks are standard chassis, as sold by International dealers.



A few of the 70 wives of the Mongbetu king, Ekibondo. Note the elongated skulls, resulting from binding the heads of babies, beginning two hours after they are born.



The beautiful living room and observation-dining car, with library, desk, and bar. Note indirect lighting, telephone, and two-way radio. There are also two perfectly appointed bedrooms and an all-electric kitchen. Each stainless-steel trailer unit is 40 feet in length.

"These crude African dirt roads are flooded by the rainy seasons and amputated in long stretches by maddened streams; thrown up and down crazy mountain chains in unbelievable hairpin turns and climbs."
—Commander Gatti.



COMMANDER ATTILIO GATTI, famed African explorer who two years ago set out for the equatorial jungle with his luxurious "Jungle Yacht" expedition, has returned to America with all his objectives accomplished. He returns, moreover, from his tenth Congo venture with a world of praise for his five International Trucks.

Commander Gatti writes International Harvester: "I do not know what importance you attribute to my testimony, but I assure you I do not give it lightly. I could not exaggerate my great admiration for this so perfect performance! The work of these trucks is what I had dreamed of so many years in Africa.

"In my nine earlier expeditions I had tried so many trucks and suffered with so many. My first travels were by camel in 1919. I then used Italian trucks, then French, then English. My sixth safari was powered by well-known American trucks. Always there was chronic grief and trouble

... But finally at Nairobi my eyes were opened when I first used an International, and it was a *second-hand* truck. That battered old vehicle had already lived through years of terrible African punishment when I bought it for a song and put a native driver on it. But what I then saw from day to day was truly a revelation.

"That is why the 'Jungle Yacht' expedition *had to be* International-powered. I congratulate myself, and I congratulate your company on a magnificent product!"

Write for the free booklet covering Commander Gatti's long career on the Dark Continent. It contains 74 illustrations and is packed with information about the mysterious African interior. Return the coupon or simply send a penny post card.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
INCORPORATED
186 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
INCORPORATED
186 North Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, free, Commander Gatti's own fascinating story of his adventures.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



Mary Martin, of "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" fame, is now co-starred in Paramount's new moviedom hit, "Rhythm on the River." She has this to say of "Adoration."

"You'll have to pardon my raving—but I believe you'll be raving, too, when you see what I've seen—the finest pattern ever created in silver! It's 1847 Rogers Bros.' beautiful new 'Adoration'!"

"So simple, you know it'll be considered as fine a design 100 years from now as it is today."

"So rich, in its round contours and deep-etched details, you'd vow it is sterling."

"See 'Adoration.'"

"To my mind it's the loveliest of all 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate."

"My heart belongs to 'Adoration'!" says Mary Martin



An entirely new look . . . the look of sterling hand-made by masters . . . is achieved in this newest 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern, "Adoration." Pictures do not show it—but see your 1847 Rogers Bros. dealer—hold a piece of "Adoration" in your hand, and you will realize why the whole technique of making silverplate had to be changed in order to create this like-sterling richness. Yet sets and open-stock pieces in this or

any 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern can now be had at the lowest prices in years—and on easy terms. Each piece bears the proud year-mark, 1847. See your dealer tomorrow. International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

TUNE IN SUNDAY—The Silver Theater Summer Show: "FUN IN PRINT." 6 P.M., E.D.S.T.; 5 P.M., E.S.T., C.D.T.; 4 P.M. C.S.T. Columbia Basic Network.



Melon pickers are mostly Mexicans who work from sunrise to 4:30 p. m., make \$4 a day when crops are good. They work whole rows without straightening up, select-

ing melons, picking them, dropping them gently into shoulder sacks. Melons must be picked at precise moment of maturity, shown by well-defined netting on rind.



When sacks are full, pickers empty their haul into small trailers which are drawn by tractors down melon rows. Pickers work in gangs, each under a foreman who has

contracted with the boss for his men. Gang is paid by the number of crates it picks. When trailers are filled (below) they are drawn down road to packing house (right).

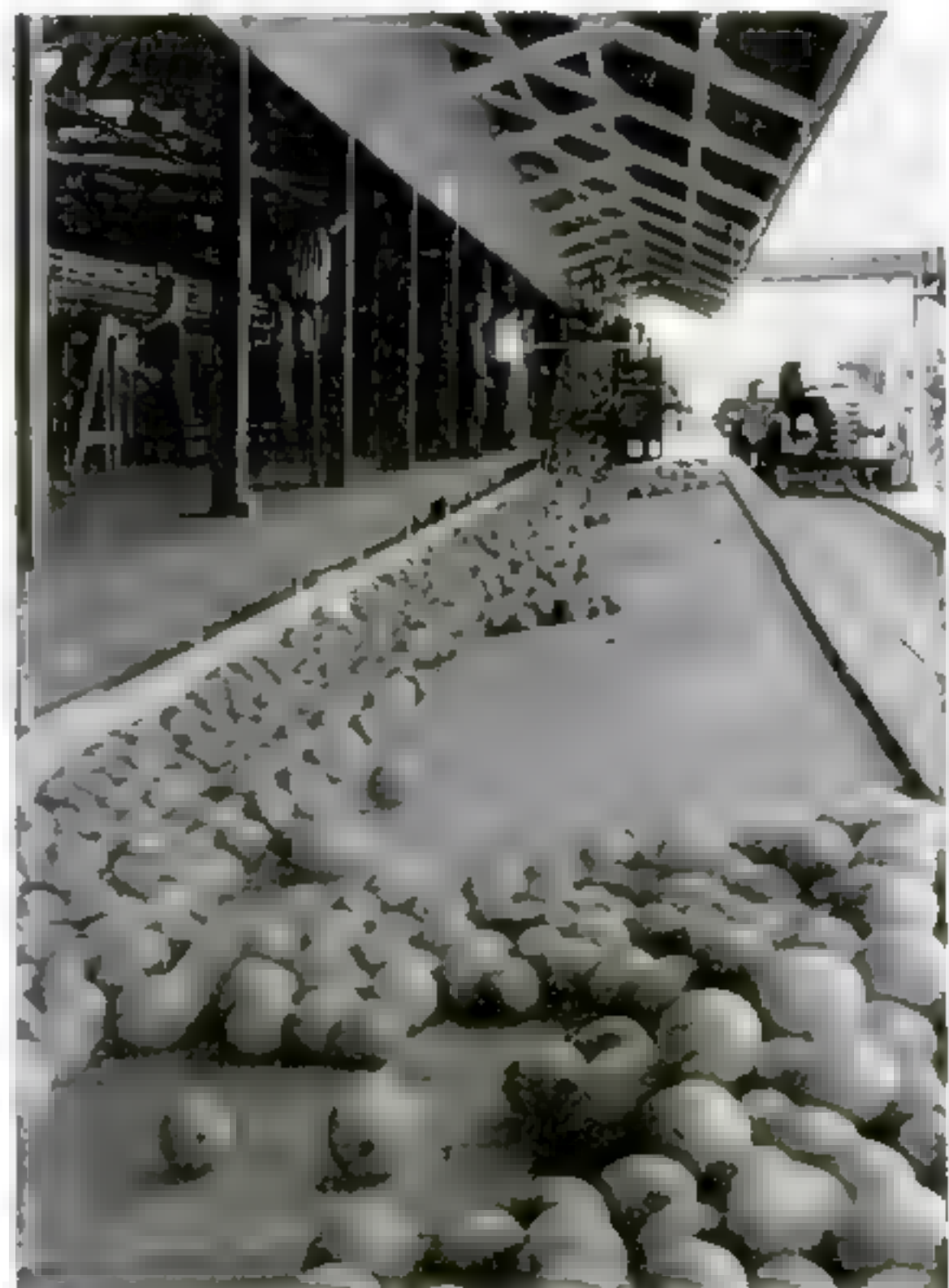


MILLIONS OF MELONS RUSH EAST IN IMPERIAL VALLEY'S BIG WEEK

All along the bright steel arteries of the nation last week great trains of ice-packed cars rumbled ceaselessly over desert and prairie, through scorching summer heat, bearing from west to east the most precious and perishable products of the earth. June is the big month in the man-made fields and orchards of California's rich Imperial Valley. Melons are Imperial Valley's chief fruit crop. Fortnight ago every picker and packer in the valley was at work in fields, sheds and icehouses, handling 1940's \$3,500,000 melon store. Before the season ends, Southern Pacific's "reefers" (refrigerator cars) will have moved more than 1,000,000 crates of cantaloupes eastward out of Imperial Valley, nearly 500,000 crates of honeydews and 200,000 crates of honeyballs, small, golden, filled with sweet, nectarous juices.

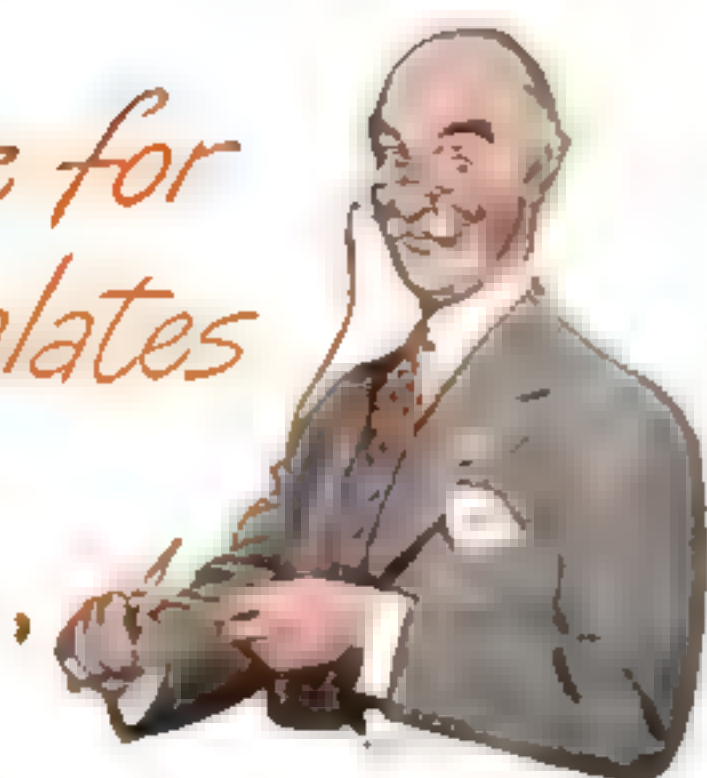
Among the oldest food of man, melons were grown and eaten in prehistoric times by Persians, Indians and the people of southern Asia. The Egyptians cultivated a species of melon, and in the 16th Century Armenian caravans brought the forerunner of the modern cantaloupe to Rome. Today more melons are grown in Southern California than in any other place on earth. In long straight lines they sprout, swell and ripen on vines imbedded in soil that half a century ago bore no life at all. Irrigation turned the desert of Sultan Sink into Imperial Valley. The refrigerator car made it possible for Imperial Valley planters to ship their harvests to earth's ends.

Here you see this season's melon harvest on the plantation of Charles Freedman, near El Centro, Calif., just north of the border. The melons shown on these pages were eaten in St. Louis six days after picking, in New York three days later. The reefers in which they travel are operated by Pacific Fruit Express, a subsidiary of the Southern and Union Pacific Railways. Main shipping point in Imperial Valley is Brawley. Here P. F. E. has an ice pile high as a three-story house. Here a Federal-State news service receives constant short-wave reports of market conditions. Card files show the location of every reefer on the rails. From Brawley cars may be diverted on instant notice to new destinations and better markets. For pictures of packing and icing Imperial Valley melons, turn page.



In the packing house, melons are dumped onto a conveyer that takes them through cleaning machine and preservative. They are then sorted.

Easy Arithmetic for educated palates



- Subtract

Subtract from the taste of your whiskey all trace of sweetness, by making sure it's Paul Jones—the famous DRY whiskey. Your very first sip of Paul Jones will demonstrate its crisp, tangy DRYNESS...its complete freedom from sweetness...



+ Add

Add to its brisk DRYNESS the deep, flavorful goodness that tells you Paul Jones is ALL whiskey, whiskey every drop. Add, too, the many other distinguished qualities that have made Paul Jones renowned as "A Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1865"...



x Multiply

Multiply the compliments you receive on your drinks, by making them with Paul Jones, next time you're host. Let its swell DRYNESS point up your highballs...give your Manhattans zest...



÷ Divide

Divide the new low price of Paul Jones by the number of masterful drinks it makes, and you'll see how little it costs to enjoy this magnificent whiskey. In fact, any way you figure it, you'll find that the right answer at drink time is Paul Jones!

Paul Jones

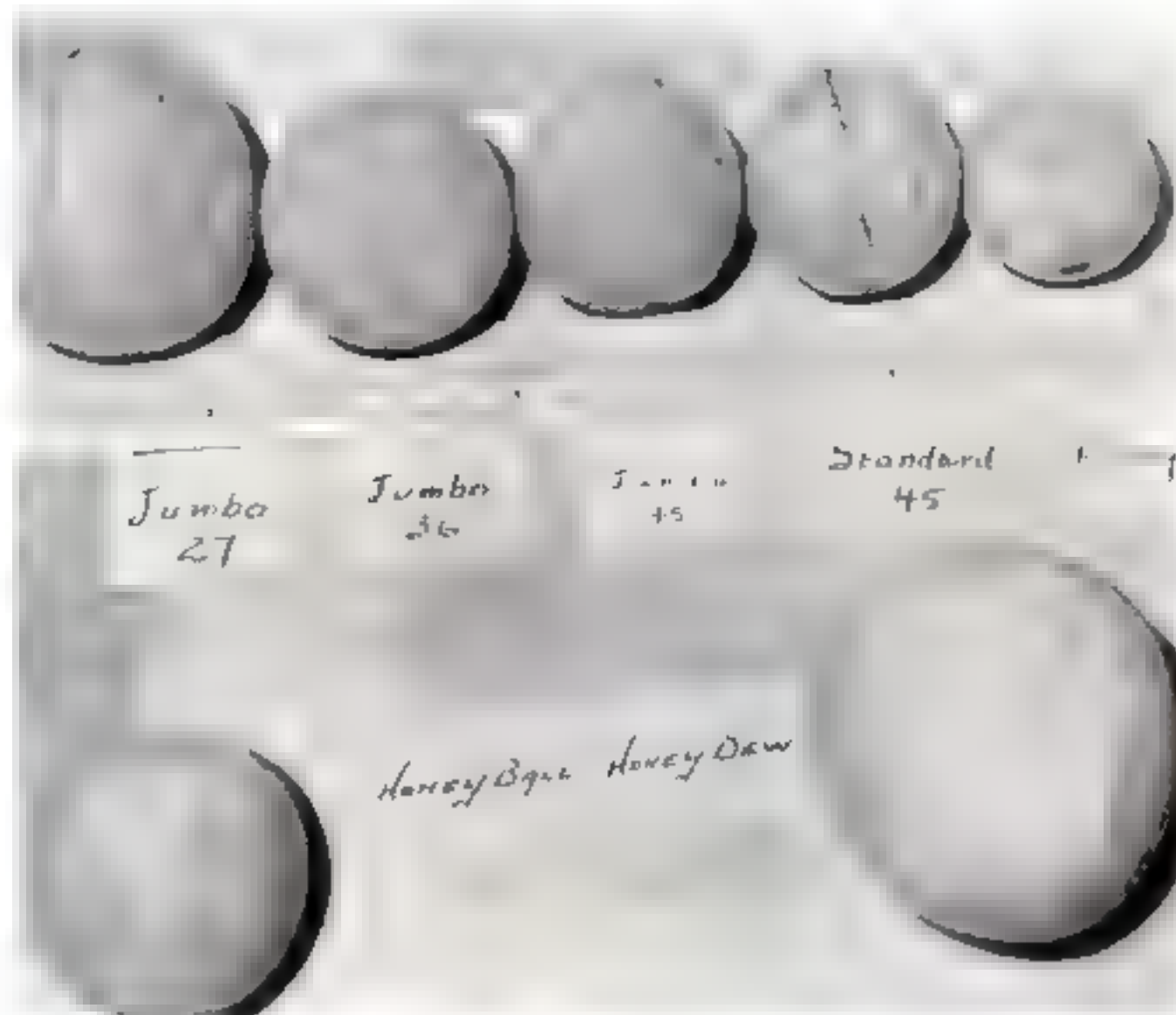
IT'S DRY... AND

WHAT A BUY!

All whiskey. A blend of straight whiskeys—90 Proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.



Imperial Valley melons (continued)



Melon sizes range from jumbo 27 (packed 27 to the crate) down to the puny pony. Big jumbos retail for 30¢ apiece, are sold to fancy groceries and frusterers.



Graders sort melons as they pass on conveyer belt, roll them down chutes (center) to packers. Melons on small belt (left) are green or rotten and are headed for dump.




Crated melons are loaded into refrigerator cars three to six hours after picking. Cars are filled only halfway to permit cool air to circulate freely among the crates.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

"I deserve a Pat on the Back!"



"Dad can be so stubborn!" 

'No new car this

year,' he said. 'Can't pay 

good money for a few style trimmings!" 

Then I took him to see a De Soto. There was style aplenty for me—and

Dad discovered (39) features not in our  car. Seats were

7" wider  than ours. De Soto had 15 more horsepower

...rear doors full-width at bottom  for easy en-

trance and exit...and a wonderful new Floating Ride. 

When Dad learned De Soto was priced \$20 to \$48 lower

than last year, he changed his tune . We got a new 1940

De Soto...and I got the whole  family's blessing!"

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Tune in Major Shows C.R.S., Thursday, 9:10 P.M., E.D.S.T.



Every house needs
Westinghouse



**"I BREAK UP WRINGER TRAFFIC JAMS
IN A SPLIT SECOND
WITH THE NEW ROLL-STOP RELEASE ★
ON MY WESTINGHOUSE WRINGER"**



1 "No rips, no runs, no terrors!
No casualties for the clothes... or me... if I race them into wringer traffic jams. I simply press the ★ Touch-Bar Release. It frees pressure; stops the rolls in a split second. Gives me a marvelous sense of security."

Quiet as a whisper!

No nerve-jarring vibration or noise to put up with. The Westinghouse Emperor is quiet as a whisper. And so thorough! Its "natural" washing action flexes clothes spotlessly clean... gets all the dirt out... yet won't harm the most fragile sheers.

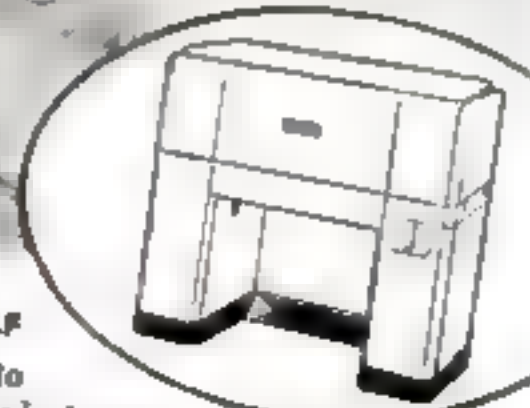
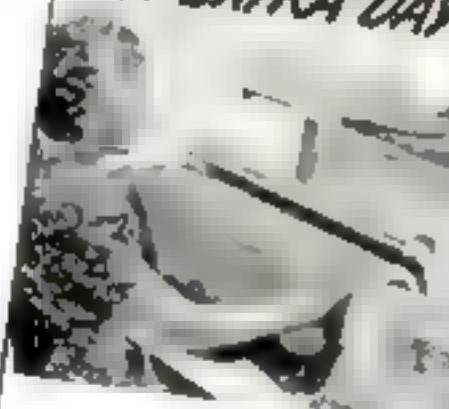


2 "No more wet, soppy clothes on my line. One
trip through my big Westinghouse wringer and they're perfectly damp-dried... right pressure for everything assured by the ★ Select-o-Press lever. Just turn it to one of its 3 settings."



3 "Swell Watchman, this Time-Dial. ★ A little gadget
that is practically human! Tells exactly how long to wash everything... turns off the current right on the dot. I just set it to the right number of minutes, forget it, and go my way."

*My Westinghouse Ironer gives me
AN EXTRA DAY TO CALL MY OWN!*



CUTS IRONING TIME IN HALF

You needn't be an expert to do a big ironing in a couple hours on a Westinghouse Emperor. One homemaker who keeps tab on her ironing time reports: 6½ minutes to a shirt, 4 minutes to a big sheet, 2 minutes for a tablecloth. She irons hand towels at the rate of 2 per minute - a napkin in 26 seconds. Ask your dealer for free home trial.

Send for **FREE** book of washday short cuts
Tested directions for removing stains! New short cuts to easier, faster laundering! Write today to Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Mansfield, Ohio, Dept. 31.

WESTINGHOUSE EMPEROR IRONER

★ One of the famous 5 star features of the Westinghouse Emperor Washer. Ask your dealer for complete demonstration
Easy payment plans

SEE

**Westinghouse
WASHERS • IRONERS**

Tune In "Musical Americana," N.B.C. Network, Coast-to-coast, every Tuesday evening.

Imperial Valley melons (continued)



Pre-cooling reduces pulp temperature of the melons from 100° to 45° in four hours. Here brine-cooled air is blown through car. As soon as melons are cool, train departs.



Atop refrigerator cars the men load ice into the bunkers and chop it up with "spud bars." Salt is often added, the quantity depending on degree of ripeness of the fruit.



Heading east, a Southern Pacific melon train rolls across parched Arizona desert. Ice supply, depleted by fierce heat, may be replenished at Yuma, Tucson, El Paso.

ENGINES RUN LIKE WATCHES ON "WATCH-TESTED" MOTOR OIL



● In its bearings a microscopic film of oil—not watch oil but an astounding motor oil. And most astounding of all is that this same film can withstand the smashing thuds of power, the flashes of highly compressed fuel which you hear as the quiet "hum" of your motor.

STATISTIC: Over two million 1940 models are now on the road!

"Bearing surfaces superfinished to millionths of an inch," says Chrysler. "Fourteen measurements are accurate to within 1/10,000 of an inch," says Ford. "Micropoised perfection," is the way Buick describes its engines.

Keeping pace, the new-day motor oil that is actually lubricating 30,000 famous Girard-Perregaux Swiss watches is now sending tens of thousands of these 1940 motor cars purring down America's highways.

Are we "going soft"? Not a bit of it. These delicate-sounding new cars are roaring giants of power under the hood. They'd break down the toughest of old-style oils, burn themselves into junk with gummy oils.

It is only another miracle of this modern day, when to stand still is to be hurled backward.

Golden Shell
THE MOTOR OIL
FOR PRECISION-BUILT CARS



"READS LIKE POETRY, DOESN'T IT?"

"Well, I guess it ought to. 'Uncle Joe,' as I call the Shell Co. when it's not lookin', let 30,000 of us dealers have one apiece of these watches, oiled with our Golden Shell.

"I've worn out four pockets pullin' mine out to show folks, but the watch is still pitty-pattin' away.

"Only thing I'd like to add to the above is, come in, see my watch and get started on Golden Shell even if you got a 1917 thrashin' machine. Costs you only a quarter a quart an' makes everybody feel like they was drivin' a new '40."

YOUR SHELL DEALER





50 YEARS *A Favorite!*

It's full of life and flavor-aged!

This smiling Eskimo boy has millions of friends. For years he has been welcome in their homes . . . because he always brings good cheer in generous bottles of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. Cooling as the sight of snow, this superb drink is *flavor-aged*. No other ginger ale is like it. Enjoy its sparkle and thirst-quenching refreshment this summer. Mix your tall drinks, too, with Clicquot Club Sparkling Water (Soda). . . It's tops!

It's flavor-aged. The flavor-ingredients of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale—mellow, aromatic ginger and the finest natural ingredients—are blended and matured to give it a smooth, luscious taste. Water and sugar are added. The result of flavor-aging is a delicious taste of wonderful delicacy and balance. Clicquot Club is always deliciously different.



Bonded carbonation makes Clicquot Club Sparkling Water (Soda) a splendid mixer. It creates an effervescent, aromatic beverage—complete with a smooth, luscious taste. That's why Clicquot Club Sparkling Water (Soda) keeps a drink fresh and lively down to the very last sip. So, try yourself!

Clicquot Club

PALE DRY GINGER ALE . . . GOLDEN GINGER ALE . . . SPARKLING WATER (SODA)





WITH A SOFT SWISH AND SWIRL OF WATER, THE CANOE SLIPS AHEAD



GIRLS LOVE CANOEING AS MUCH AS MEN. ON HOT DAYS IT'S GREAT FOR SUNBATHING



Into the canoe steps Steve Lysak. To prevent its tipping over, he grasps both gunwales, then steps firmly into the middle of the boat. The paddle should be 6 in. shorter than the paddler himself.

CANOEING

Yonkers club shows how to do it safely

For thousands of years the canoe has been one of mankind's most trusted methods of transportation. Even now, among the natives of West Africa and the Pacific islands, it is still the most useful. Sometimes 60 ft. long, and built from a single huge tree hollowed by fire, canoes carry fishermen hundreds of miles out to sea, bring them home safe after many days on a stormy ocean.

Nowhere, however, does the canoe have a more glamorous tradition than in America. Here the Indians, explorers and frontiersmen all used it, and here today something of the excitement of pioneer years may best be recaptured by paddling a canoe. Of course its uses have changed. No longer is it an instrument of war nor does it carry adventurers down unknown rivers. Instead it is paddled on peaceful vacation-resort lakes. From it children dive and swim. In it men and women are carried to picnics. And when night comes to a moonlit lake it is perfect for romance.

One thing must be remembered, however. A canoe is not safe unless its paddlers know how to handle it. If they don't, their boat may be caught by a choppy sea or a gust of wind, suddenly toppled over. To prevent accidents like this, LIFE shows on these pages how a canoe should be handled. These pictures of members of the U. S. champion Yonkers Canoe Club were taken a fortnight ago at a regatta held on Williams Lake near Rosendale, N. Y.



AN EXCLUSIVE DEODORIZING INGREDIENT TO HELP PROTECT YOU

HOT DAYS are "perspirey" days... "B.O." days. Also, edgy nerves or feelings cause nervous perspiration, later "nervous B.O." So "B.O." is a double threat to your popularity and success in summer.

Use Lifebuoy Health Soap in your daily bath, and put "B.O." out of your life. On a hot day, what a cooling relief! Loads of zippy, purifying lather help relax, refresh you. Time short? Take a Lifebuoy "quickie"—hands, under arms, feet. More folks use Lifebuoy for their bath than any other soap. Get Lifebuoy today. It has an exclusive deodorizing ingredient!



LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP
Its crisp odor goes in a Jiffy—Its Protection lasts and lasts

Canoeing (continued)

CANOE SHOULD GLIDE SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY

With the possible exception of a gondola on the canals of Venice, a canoe is more graceful and silent than any other vessel propelled by hand. It can also be quite fast. For best results when alone a paddler kneels on the bottom just astern of the center. To keep the canoe moving straight, he thrusts paddle into water at right angle to keel, then rotates inside edge of paddle outward. For how to right a floundered canoe, turn the page



PADDLE AT RIGHT ANGLE TO KEEL



LEFT WRIST TURNS PADDLE OUT



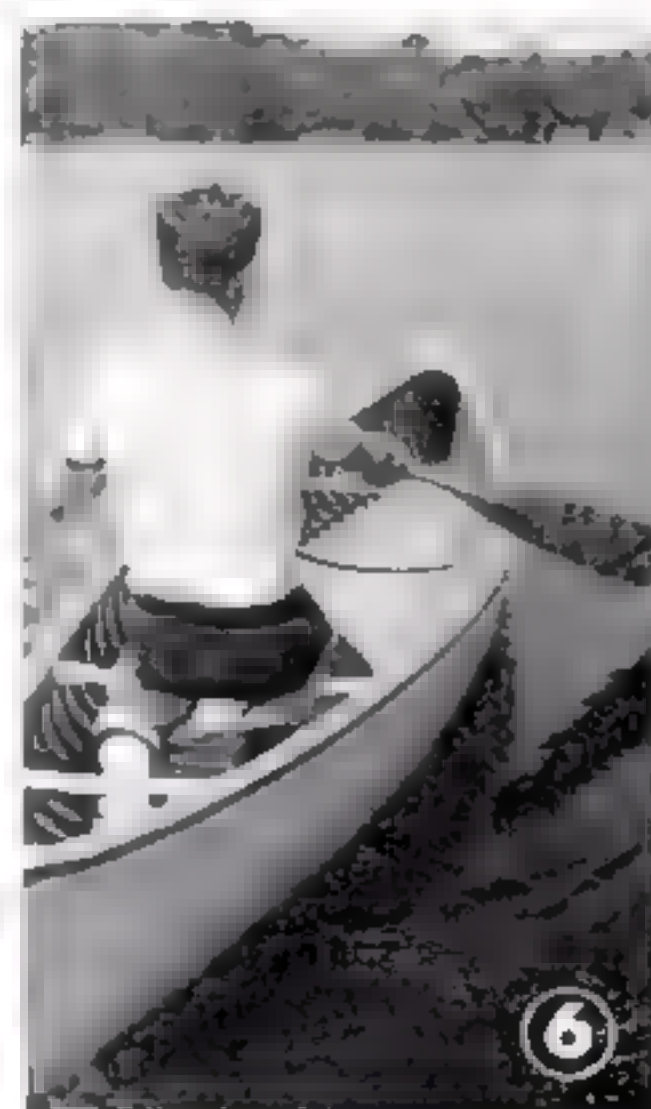
RIGHT HAND STAYS NEAR GUNWALE



GUNWALE IS USED FOR LEVERAGE



BLADE SLICES AIR ON RETURN



ARMS READY FOR NEXT STROKE

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

*"Honest, Mister, you
wouldn't fool me?"*

Yes, lady, we know it sounds almost too
good to believe, but...now you get

The same long-life bristles...

The same famous Tek
cleaning action...

The same guarantee
by Johnson & Johnson
for half the price.

Tek

The 50¢ quality tooth brush...now

23¢



Now-when you buy
PERCALE SHEETS
you can
MIND YOUR
P's and Q's



Get PERCALES by
PEQUOT
*for luxuriously soft,
 fine sheets that show
 amazing strength!*

Yes, Pequot Percales... exquisitely fine, soft percale sheets... at amazingly low prices! See and enjoy this newest Pequot value.

The texture is truly luxurious. Light weight, satin smooth. Sweet to the touch, with a fine, cool surface that invites relaxing rest.

In this texture has gone Pequot's own special skill in weaving... the skill that has made Pequot the most popular brand of sheets in America. So note the firmness! The smooth, fine threads—closely and evenly woven. You'll find, too, such famous Pequot features as projecting size tabs, making it easy to select the right sheets from your linen shelves.

Mind your P's and Q's—and you'll find that luxury percale sheets can be actually economical!

PEQUOT MILLS, SALEM, MASS.



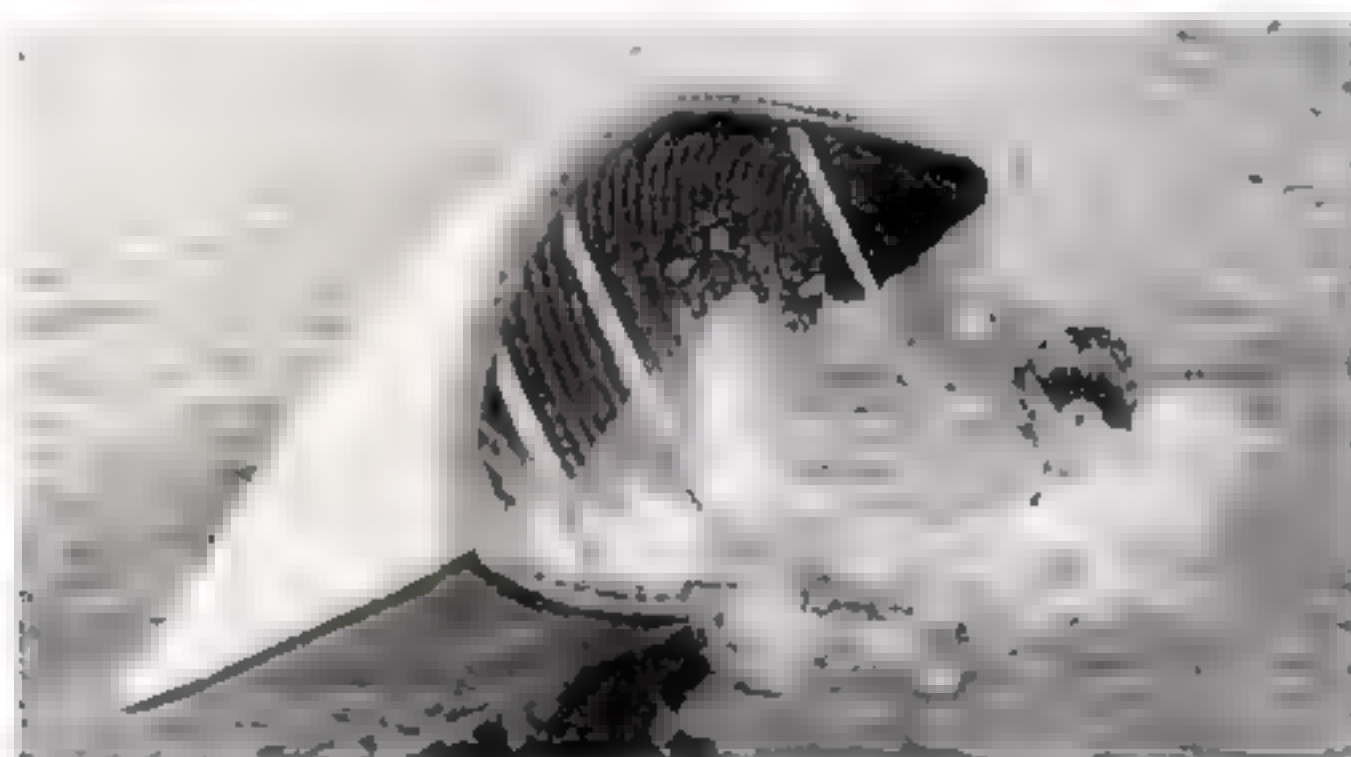
Canoeing (continued)



BOY AND GIRL TRY TO CHANGE POSITIONS. THIS SHOULD NEVER BE DONE



BOAT TIPS OVER. WITH A SPLASH, BOY AND GIRL ARE TOSSED IN WATER



TO EMPTY CANOE HE GRABS GUNWALE, PUSHES SHARPLY, SLOPS WATER OUT



WHILE BOY STEADIES BOAT, GIRL GRABS FAR GUNWALE WITH RIGHT ARM



SHE KICKS HARD, PULLS ACROSS GUNWALES, FLOPS OVER ON RIGHT SIDE

BE BRIGHT! GO LIGHT!

BUY BETTER SPIRITS!



SCHENLEY "SWALLOWS" SING:

*"Highballs, Cocktails, Take Your Bow!
Melding Makes You 'Smoothies' Now"*

Groom your taste for better things with better spirits
... SCHENLEY Black Label or Red Label light-
bodied whiskies. They're unexcelled because we
"meld"... an improved and exclusive blending method
... that creates better spirits by permitting their weight
reduction without flavor destruction. Buy the best.



Better Taste
SCHENLEY *Light-Bodied* **WHISKIES**

SCHENLEY Black Label, 65% grain neutral spirits. SCHENLEY Red Label, 72% grain neutral spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKY and 50 Proof. Copr. 1930, Schenley Distillers Corporation.

Good Trade-In



GRAND TRIP!



GET FAR AWAY from cares and worry. And before you travel—trade in your "old car" worries on a 1940 Plymouth! Now is the time to trade and travel!



VACATION SAVORY! When you go in a new Plymouth—early Yum! The delighted with its roomy comfort its marvelous Luxury Ride!



July's the Month to get a
Good Deal on a Wonderful New
Plymouth—and Double
your Summer Driving Pleasure!

HAVE the time of your life this month! Evenings, week-ends, your vacation trip—find times to get away for fun and excitement in a thrilling new Plymouth!

Take the wheel and test your new power and pick-up of Plymouth's big 200-cu.-in. V-8 engine—the smoothness of patented Floating Power engine mountings. Discover the riding ease of Amola Steel coil springs (standard on all models) . . . the velvety power of double-action hydraulic brakes.

What luxury to stretch and relax in a car as big as Plymouth . . . with the longest wheelbase of "All 3" low-priced cars—4 inches longer than the 5 inches longer than the other . . . and the widest seats. Get the most for your money. Trade now—and have a wonderful summer! **PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.** MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.D.S.T.



GET A GOOD JULY TRADE-IN ON A

PLYMOUTH

BIG SELECTIONS OF

Used Cars

FOR JULY TRAVELS

July is the time to make a good trade for a better used car at your Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler dealer's. A wide selection of high-grade, dependable used cars to select from—all ready for July travel. Find out how much you can save, buying a better used car now!



ROBERT RAPHAEL, 8, LOOKS OVER HIS CHARCOAL SKETCH OF PARACHUTE WAR SHOWN BELOW

THESE TALENTED YOUNGSTERS DRAW THE WAR

Although the whistle of falling bombs has never waked American children out of their sleep, many of them are troubled by war. These drawings, here and on the next page, show the impact of current war news on public-school youngsters in New York. They were done in New York University's Clinic for Gifted Children organized by Harvey Zorbaugh. Artists from 6 to 16 come voluntarily to its art class every Saturday morning, are supervised by Art Teacher Florence Cane, who encourages them to draw and paint exactly what they feel.

When these talented youngsters turn to war subjects—more often they do pictures of sports and country far—most of them rebel. To them war is no longer an exciting game of Caps and Robbers. Older students in particular see no glory, only misery resulting from war. School and home training, for better or worse, has inbred into young Americans with hatred for the whole business of war. To see how some English children feel about war in their own country, turn to pages 48-49.



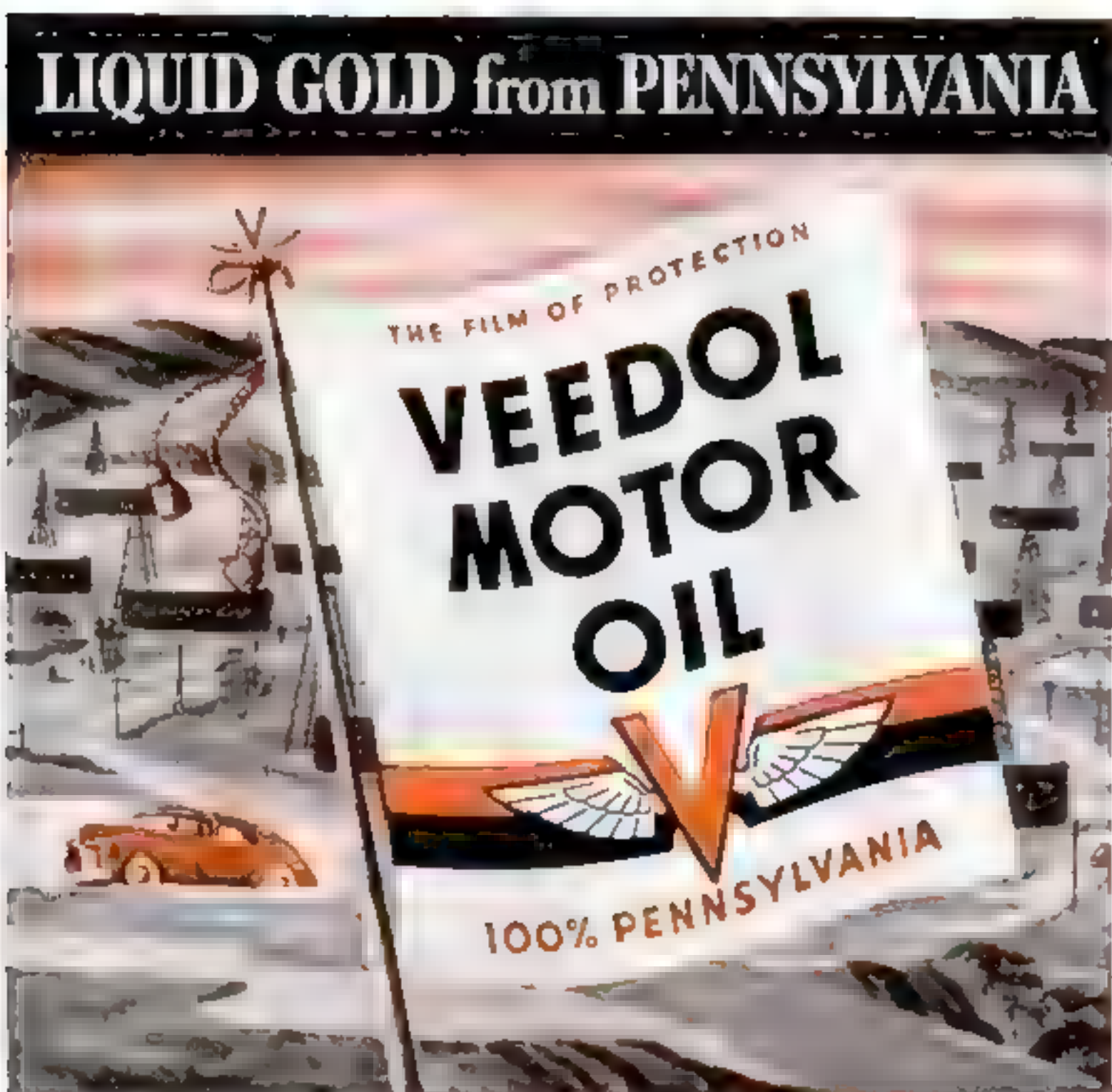
ROBERT (ABOVE) DREW THIS PICTURE OF PARACHUTE TROOPS BEING SHOT DOWN BY AIRPLANE



Air battle is drawn by Laurence Cockaday, 9, who concentrates on defensive warfare, shows a line of bombing planes being picked off by anti-aircraft guns.

"The woman at the soldier's feet," says David Simons, 13, about his picture, "is Civilization. The soldier is trying to save her from a horrible fate."





Copyright 1940 by Tide Water Associated Oil Company



The red earth of the Mesabi Range, Minnesota, is the country's source of richest iron ore. The Bradford Hills of Pennsylvania are the country's source of richest crude oil. Mesabi iron ore produces the most iron per ton. Bradford crude oil produces the most lubricating oil of natural high quality. . . And Veedol Motor Oil is refined 100% from this richest of all

crudes. . . Veedol's natural heritage as a superior lubricant means much in the safe, economical operation of your modern high-speed motor. Its famous "Film of Protection" assures extra resistance to heat and friction, sludge and carbon, engine wear and fuel dilution. . . The harder you drive, the longer you drive, the more you will appreciate Veedol.

A PRODUCT OF TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY. . . MAKERS OF "FLYING A" GASOLINES

Children's war art (continued)



"A corpse is a corpse," wrote Martin Kullman, 15, about his gruesome picture of a soldier disemboweled on a barbed-wire fence. Martin's idea was to show futility of the gas mask, helmet and weapons which could not save this soldier from slaughter.



"Torpedoed Ship" gives only bare details of a sinking vessel, men waving for help by overturned lifeboat. But in the one anguished figure of a swimmer being shot from Nazi submarine, the 15-year-old artist, Allen Kaufman, suggests the full tragedy.



"Refugees" catches the dismal mood of war victims: a mother with baby, a soldier leaving his blind comrade, an old lady with her belongings in a bag, a wounded man crawling on his knees, a boy with clenched fist. The artist is Harold Altman, 15.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

You can read this page
in 1½ minutes.



THE HOOD RED MAN WANTS YOU TO KNOW WHY *Some tires are better than others*

SAFETY in traffic, plus protection for the substantial investment represented by your car, often depend upon the quality of your tires.

The extra protection you get with a top quality tire cannot be measured in dollars, and the apparent savings that result from looking at price first may be dearly bought.

That's why we think it is important for you—in buying tires—to know what to look for as well as what to look out for.



**TREAD SHOULD BE
SAFE, LONG-WEARING AND
QUIET RUNNING.**

From a safety standpoint, one of the most important parts of a tire is the tread. In the last few years all treads have been improved, but tire engineers know that it is still a problem to achieve the utmost in all three of the features of the ideal tread. These are non-skid,

quiet running and long wear.

Good nonskid treads are likely to be noisy and wear rapidly. Treads that are quiet running and long wearing are not always effective for quick starts and stops.

The design that comes closest to excellence in all three of these features, without sacrificing any one for others, is the best tread for average driving.

With zigzag, wavy ribs in the center, for good nonskid, and with continuous outer ribs for quiet and long wear, the Hood tread comes very close to this ideal. It has successfully passed hundreds of exacting road tests, and has earned a reputation among car owners for all three—nonskid safety, quiet running and long, even wear.

**THE SPEED SHIELD
PROTECTS TIRE AGAINST
BUMPS AND BRUISES.**

Between tread and carcass, or tire body, most manufacturers put in a breaker strip and cushion. The purpose of the breaker is to spread out and absorb the effect of bumps and shocks, and thus protect the tire from injury. The cushion, as its name implies, is a shock-absorbing pad, for both safety and comfort.

In the Hood tire, the combination of an extra thick, heavily-corded breaker, plus a cushion of live red rubber of generous thick-



ness, gives a greater margin of protection against injuries which might lead to dangerous blowouts. And it unites tread and carcass firmly together.

With this feature, which Hood calls the Speed Shield, hitting a bump does not easily start costly damage. The extra thickness of the Speed Shield also adds to the comfort of the passengers, and forms a cushion



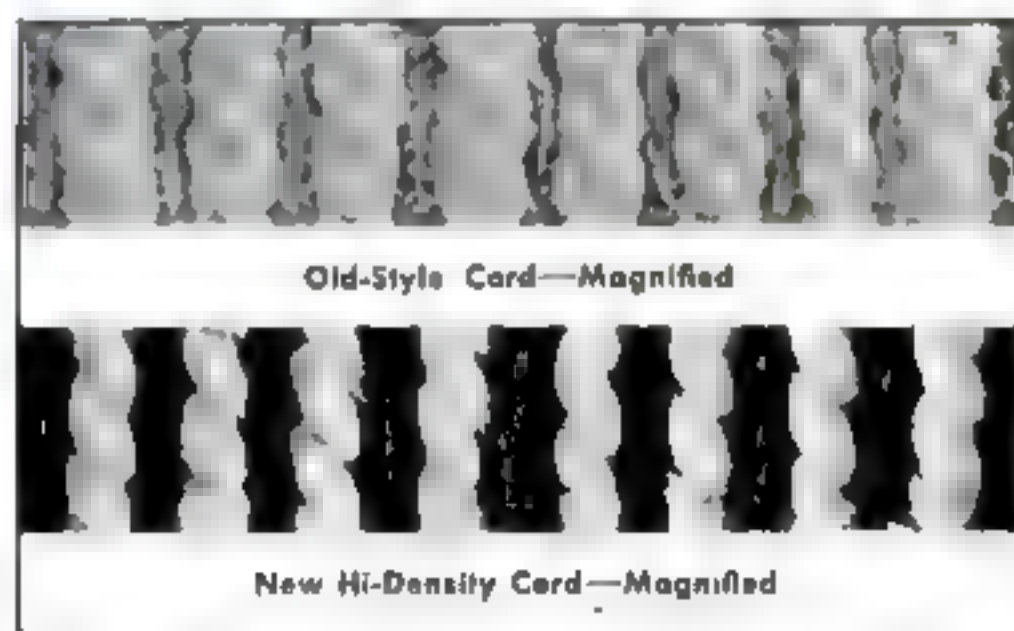
for the car itself, reducing rattles and the need for frequent mechanical adjustments.

Many of the good tires on the market would be still better tires if they could match Hood's exclusive Speed Shield.

**THE CORD IS EXTRA STRONG
AND COMPACT...
HENCE BETTER INSULATED.**

The cords which give the body of the tire strength and stability are of utmost importance, even though you never see them. For protection against internal heat, each cord must be completely insulated in rubber.

A recent Hood development, the new Hi-Density Cord, permits more anti-friction rubber to surround every cord. The new cord, being more compact, accomplishes



this without sacrifice of strength, and the extra insulation is a special rubber compound that resists heat.

This more perfect insulation gives you a cooler running tire, at high speeds and under heavy loads. The result is longer wear, greater safety and a softer, smoother ride.

These are the things to make sure of when you buy a tire. Even if you don't buy Hoods, be certain that your dealer can satisfy you on all of these important points.

With Hoods, which you can buy at strictly competitive prices, you do get them all, and they add up to maximum tire value. Next time you buy tires, it's both smart and thrifty to talk to your Hood dealer first.

THE HOOD RED MAN SAYS: "TAKE A HOOD LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY"



43 YEARS OF QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

"DON'T MISS TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"

say people who know
pictures best!



THE AUTHOR OF "GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS" SAYS:
"One of the richest of all stories of school-
boy life. We salute the film version of this
completely delightful entertainment for old
and young alike!"

James Hill



"I enjoyed myself tremendously, and I know
you will, too!"

Joan Bennett



"A great and different picture. Its charm and
realism completely intrigued me!"

Charles Boyer



"Exciting. Thrilling. Will make you catch
your breath. I loved every minute of it!"

Ann Sheridan



"Adult entertainment...spiced with plenty
of humor...very exciting. Entirely different
from any other picture about any other
school!"

Sinclair Lewis

GENE TOWNE PRESENTS

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE... BARTHOLOMEW

JIMMY LYDON - JOHNNY SON... JULY NAUSE

By Maxwell... Hughie... Craig... Eals

Produced by Gene Towne... Directed by Robert S.

Screenplay by... Story by... Copyright

Produced by... Released by...

Children's war art (continued)



"Tank Fight" by Norman McGrath, 8, pictures a fabulous British tank firing at small-fry Nazi tanks while parachutes and airplanes above burst into flame. But

BRITISH CHILDREN SELDOM DRAW WAR HORROR

With the whole nation deep in war, English children are bound to draw pictures of it. But unlike some American youngsters, they are not haunted by the horrors of war. Like the boy who drew *Tank Fight* (above), they take a childish zest in wartime gadgets, design fantastic bombing planes and anti-aircraft guns. In games English children still play Saint George and the

"Burning of the Books" is by Gert Keller, 15, son of British parents who lived in Germany from Hitler's rise until three years ago. Gert's painting has elements of





Norman prefers his war on paper. When one of the first air-raid sirens electrified his household, this young artist could not find his gas mask and sobbed helplessly.

THEY ARE MORE EXCITED BY WAR MECHANICS

dragon, but now the dragon wears an armband with a swastika, usually scrawled backwards. They draw caricatures of Hitler, malicious but not bitter, regard him as a rather headachey Mad Hatter. Their Nazi soldiers look like circus clowns (*below*).

Part of this is braggadocio, common to all children. Part of it is defense against fear and part of it is plain British courage.

satire with three brown-shirt troopers saluting the bonfire, and soldier at right strutting in his too-big uniform. Sign over door at left means Jews not admitted.



These new features make **REGENT** a *finer* cigarette

● MULTIPLE-BLEND

Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines an unusual number of choice tobaccos in entirely new proportions, giving you exceptional mildness and a better-tasting cigarette.

● KING SIZE

Regents are 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool. The result is a *natural* coolness you notice as soon as you take your first puff. And this extra length also means more fine tobacco for your money.

● OVAL SHAPE

Regent's oval shape not only adds distinction to this extra long cigarette, but makes Regents easier to hold and more comfortable to smoke.

● CRUSH-PROOF BOX

So that every Regent you smoke will be in perfect smoking condition, Regents are packed in a crush-proof box... the only satisfactory container for a King-size cigarette



"THE FINEST CIGARETTE YOU EVER SMOKED"

Got the horse laugh till I tried the FINGERNAIL TEST!



YOU'D THINK A JOCKEY'S SWEETHEART would thaw out just a little when he wins the Derby. But not my girl! I scratch my head to figure why she's chilly, and get the answer. My nails show a scalpful of loose ugly dandruff!



THE TRAINER TELLS ME. "Get Wildroot-with-Oil! The same Wildroot formula that's been chasing loose dandruff since Man-o'-War was a pup, plus pure vegetable oil that grooms without greasing." I try it... it works!



YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING if you haven't tried Wildroot-with-Oil yourself. Its safe, powerful "3-Action" cleans as it grooms, keeps your hair dressed like a million, scalp spick and span. It may not win horse races... but it sure gets the girls.



IMPORTANT—Wildroot Regular Formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tan, also on sale everywhere! Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. and Fort Erie, Ont., Canada.



Chickens peep on the air as sound-effect background for WLS "Man on the Farm" broadcast from Libertyville, Ill., rural equivalent of "Man on the Street" programs.

HAYSEED HUMOR AND SHOWMANSHIP MAKE WLS LEADING FARM STATION

A phenomenon in the brief perspective of radio history is the ever-popular, ever-corny National Barn Dance, broadcast in chunks (Eastern chunk at 9 p. m., West Coast chunk at 11 p. m.) every Saturday over Chicago's station WLS and NBC's Red Network. With its cracker-barrel characters—Uncle Ezra, the Arkansas Woodchopper, the Hoosier Hot Shots—and its slapstick rural high jinks, the Barn Dance typifies the success story of WLS, owned by a 100-year-old farm paper, the *Prairie Farmer*. Throughout the day WLS brings farmers grain and stock reports, education, religion from its staff preacher, folksy advice from its staff philosophers. It travels through the Midwest putting on Home Talent and "Man on the Farm" shows. It sells, lectures, keeps a profitable finger in many a rural pie.



Barn was studio for weekly "Man on the Farm" show, which featured hog-calling, rooster-crowing contests. Constant contacts with farmers help make WLS successful.

UNDER SUMMER COSTUMES...

WHITE FOUNDATIONS
by MAIDEN FORM

As welcome change for warm weather wear, Maiden Form gives you in cool fresh white, the same styles that mould your figure with such incomparable skilful "Variation" brassieres (above) for a marked line-of-separation—\$1.00 & \$1.50

Left: "Intima" brassiere for emphasis on the "daring line"—\$1.00 to \$2.00; with "Curly" pantie girdle No. 13, 1 (regular girdle No. 13, 0)—each \$1.00. Send for free Foundation Style Booklet K Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, New York

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK ON BRASSIERES

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Perspiration Odor?

NIP IT WITH

ZIP

Cream Deodorant

STOPS PERSPIRATION

A PHYSICIAN'S FORMULA

STOPS PERSPIRATION—and banishes odors for one to three days.

SIMPLE TO USE—just smooth a finger-tip of cream under your arms, and ZIP!—you're free from all danger of offending others.

HARMLESS TO CLOTHING—a snow-white cream. Use freely. Non-irritating. Delightfully refreshing.

ATTRACTIVE JAR—an exquisitely lovely, wide-mouthed urn-shaped container that you'll be proud to have on your dressing table.

MY GUARANTEE—your money refunded if not satisfied that ZIP is the best Cream Deodorant you can buy and the most for your money.

Large jar 19¢ — Extra large jar 33¢
At All Good Stores

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST
608 FIFTH AVE. (49th ST.) NEW YORK



Uncle Ezra, complete with flannel nightshirt, lamp and store whiskers, is chief star of the weekly WLS Barn Dance, always closes the show with this folksy routine.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

For Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF

The King's Royal Rifle Corps

From the capture of Lunenburg in our own French and Indian War to its success at Sombet in 1918, the Standard of the King's Royal Rifle Corps has, in one-hundred and sixty years, been decorated with Fifty-six Battle Honours for Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF

Dewar's "White Label"

Award, Lucerne, Switzerland, 1923 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.



Whether you're advancing on a bar . . . or barracked quietly at home . . . the order of the day, and night, is DEWAR'S *White Label*, medal Scotch of the world. For this veteran campaigner wears more than 60 citations for distinguished service. When next your tactics call for Scotch, command the highball of the highlands . . . DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda. Gentlemen! At ease!



COMMAND DEWAR'S, AND BE . . . "AT EASE"



White Label
years old

Victoria
years old

also known as
No Plus Ultra

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS
SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
Six 9 x 12 full color prints of
officers, Edition No. 3, without
advertising, and upon receipt
of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp.,
New York City, Dept. Y.

Dewar's

"White Label"

The Medal SCOTCH of the World

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



Both 86.8 Proof • Blended Scotch Whisky
Copyright 1940, Schenley Import Corporation, New York.

Stepped up to give you...

QUICKER STARTS!

It's a great gasoline made even greater. Stepped-up *Fire-Chief* "grabs hold" when you touch the starter... its "lightning action" gets you off to a singing start.



QUICKER GO!

Stepped-up *Fire-Chief's* precision power balance protects your car against coughing and bucking that first half-mile. See how smoothly it powers your car from the instant of starting. Try it today!

Copyright 1940,
The Texaco Company

NOTE: At its price you
can't get a better gasoline than

STEPPED UP



FIRE-CHIEF

now at

TEXACO DEALERS

Texaco Dealers invite you to tune in The Texaco Star Theatre—starring Kenny Baker and Frances Langford
Every Wednesday Night—C. B. S.—9:00 E.D.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.

Station WLS (continued)



Staff Preacher, Presbyterian Dr. John Holland, baptizes a baby on the air. God-mother is 84-year-old "Aunt Em" Lanning (left), oldest radio actress still active.



Square dance on a WLS Home Talent Barn Dance is like more than 2,000 similar shows put on in the Midwest in the last five years, involving some 200,000 local actors.



Between sprints at hayloft microphone on the regular professional Barn Dance, Red Foley, the cactus crooner, offers his shoulders to weary singers Verne and Mary.

Coty Informal fragrance

BRINGS LIFE TO YOUR CHARM . . . CHARM TO YOUR LIFE!

Through every summer day let Coty help you be a joy to yourself—a cool breath of delight to others. Coty Toilet Waters are refreshingly keyed to summer. And in price, they are thoughtfully keyed to tired summer budgets! You can use them often—lavishly—without feeling you are sinfully extravagant! Though a real charm economy, Coty Eau de Toilette is exceptionally rich and lasting—with the rounded quality that marks every Coty scent.



ASK FOR COTY "EAU DE TOILETTE" the "Informal Fragrance" version of famed Coty Perfumes. A choice of money-saving Economy Sizes—

PARIS EAU DE TOILETTE
 Standard Size - \$1.00 • Double Size - \$1.75 • Economy Size - \$2.95
 At home prices in London, L'Armon, Emeraude, Chypre and Style.
 For traveling, and for gifts, Coty presents Eau de Toilette and Coty Tablets in smart, graded cases of matching color. \$2.25





A great Quaker State gentleman *has a few wise words to say*

THE text for this brief comment on the "care and feeding of motor cars" comes from no less a personage than old Benjamin Franklin, himself.

"Remember," quoth this distinguished citizen of the Quaker State in Poor Richard's Almanac, "Time is Money."

You can interpret that maxim in a thousand ways. To any man behind the

wheel of an automobile, *this* interpretation is important:

First, it is obvious, the longer your oil delivers effective, efficient service the less it costs per mile of motoring. Secondly, it is equally obvious that the better you guard your car against wear, the longer the car should last.

"Preferred . . . Preferred" . . . it beats

like a refrain through one public survey on motor oil after another!

Quaker State saves you so much in every way as time goes by, that the thriftiest maxims Ben Franklin ever wrote are written anew . . . in oil instead of ink! Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Trust your car to the Oil of **CHARACTER**





Health mecca for scores of movie folk is Terry Hunt's club near Beverly Hills. Here stars like Norma Shearer and Margaret Sullivan keep trim.

TERRY HUNT'S JOB IS TO KEEP MOVIE STARS LEAN AND HEALTHY

If Hollywood movie actors rank as the handsomest and healthiest people in the world, save some credit for Terry Hunt. For Terry is the genius who has taken inches off many a star's stomach and put them on the chest. When Robert Taylor needed toughening up to play a prizefighter's role, he sought out Terry Hunt. When Fredric March had to act a young man's part, he trained with Terry Hunt. When Cesar Romero wanted 12 more pounds to round a meager frame, he went to Terry Hunt. That is why Director Ernst Lubitsch calls Terry "that bronzed, splendidly muscled physical conditioner who is responsible for the maintained good health of our greatest movie stars."

Fourteen years ago Terry was a humble Hollywood Y. M. C. A. boxing instructor. Now he has a big modern "healthatorium" of his own, where 750 top actors, writers, directors and executives keep their hips slim, their stomachs flat, their waists supple and their chins single. By diet, massage and exercise he can whittle a pound a day off any client's weight. Others he keeps in the pink of health by stretching exercises such as the one he is demonstrating to Mary Astor on the bars at right.



At 6:30 a. m. Director Ernst Lubitsch gets a 45-minute workout with Terry Hunt before going on the set. Cigar in mouth, he waits for a massage.





A steam bath is taken at Terry Hunt's Health Club by sheet-swathed Virginia Maple, an Earl Carroll showgirl. The more water she pours on the hot bricks, the more steam Virginia gets.



A perfect figure is maintained by Jean Parker, free-lance starlet, in a 30-min. workout three times a week at Terry's. This strenuous exercise keeps Jean's physique "squared up."

JOAN BLONDELL, WIFE OF DICK POWELL, STARTS HER DAUGHTER ELLEN AND HER SON NORMAN OFF EARLY ON A PUNCHING-BAG BOUY AT TERRY HUNT'S CLUB





A check-up is made of Billy Roy, young Hollywood aspirant, by one of Terry Hunt's eight assistants. After five days' training, Billy will be measured again to see how much she lost.



The higher Billy goes in the steam room, hotter the temperature gets. Billy, who came to Hollywood to resume a movie career started in New York, fights weight-gaining tendency.

STRETCHING EXERCISES ARE PRESCRIBED BY TERRY HUNT TO KEEP JACQUELINE DALYA IN TOP FORM FOR HER PART IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "CISCO KID" SERIES





Jolly sandwiches and tomatoes are prepared by Rita Hayworth (center) and friends in her kitchen for their Sunday bicycle excursion through the canyons.

RITA HAYWORTH COMBINES EXERCISE WITH FUN ON A BICYCLE PICNIC TO THE WOODS

Not all Hollywood relies on Terry Hunt to keep fit. Rita Hayworth, for instance, prefers to take her bicycle exercises not on a table but on a real bicycle on the open road. On June 23, the starlet who scored in *Only Angels Have Wings* and is starred in Ben Hecht's forthcoming *Before I Die* rounded up three society friends from Pasadena for a wheel through the canyons behind Westwood. The girls took their time, covered ten miles in three hours, had lunch in the woods (see cover), were mildly alarmed when Rita ran into a canyon wall and scraped her arm. On the road, however, they passed scores of weekend cyclists pedaling away for dear life, some covering as much as 100 miles a day in the bicycle craze that has swept the West Coast.

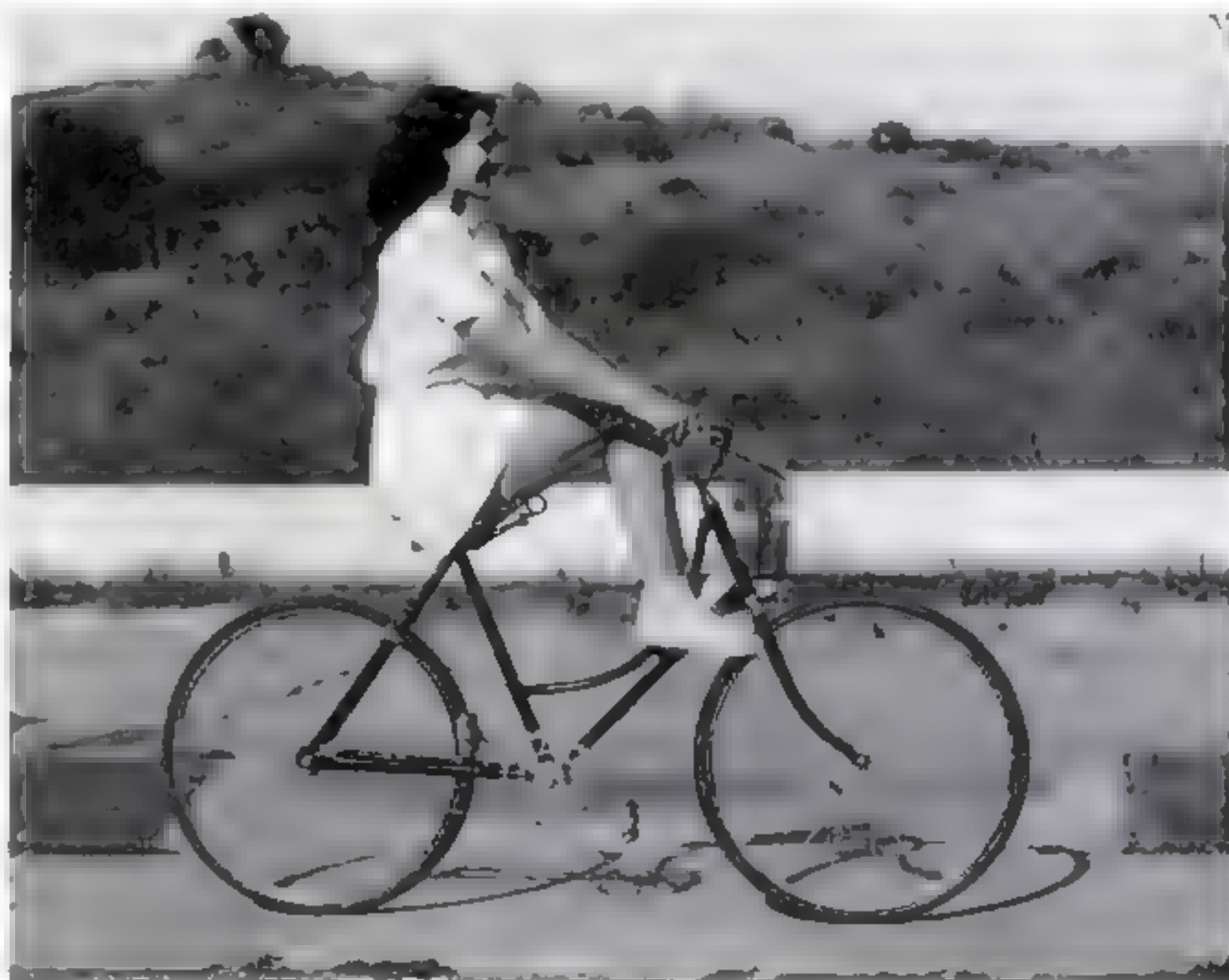


Rita tries out her rented bicycle to see if it works. The hand brake gives her some trouble at first, since she is used to the customary pedal-brake variety.



A gala start is made by the cyclists at 11 a.m. from Rita's house (in background) at 201 Veteran Ave. Since Minerva Griswold is the best rider, she takes

the man's racing wheel (extreme left). Jane Hopkins wears sun glasses, Virginia Hovey carries the basket of lunch and Rita tries out a few tricks (below).



In a shaded spot on the hills the girls stop at 12:30 for a luncheon of sandwiches, pickles, olives, hard-boiled eggs, cold roast chicken, potato salad and or-

anges. They are frightened a little by spiders and poison ivy and brush away a horde of ants. After lunch they pack up, ride leisurely home, arrive before 3.



Good old-fashioned Bulking mellows the smoke



... GIVES YOU A NOTICEABLY SMOOTHER CIGARETTE

● THE MOST IMPORTANT cigarette advance of recent years is the result of looking backward.

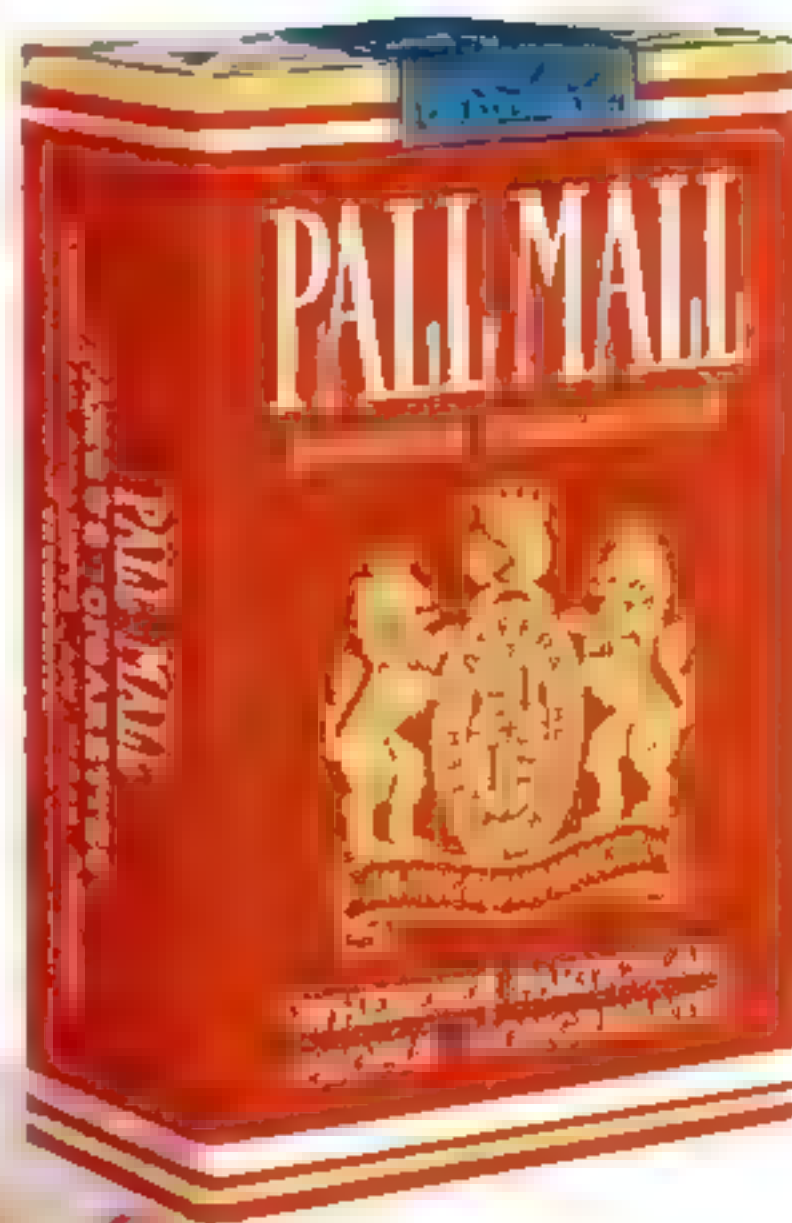
For Pall Mall has revived an old-fashioned, painstaking, all but forgotten method of making fine tobaccos better and kindlier... BULKING.

In BULKING, the choice Pall Mall tobaccos are rested together in aromatic heaps, where they generate their own heat, and bask in it. Given sufficient time (the careful, old-fashioned, conscientious ways of working take time), this heat causes harsh qualities to grow mild. It releases subtle flavors and aromas, which permeate every shred of tobacco. Thus all the tobaccos are enriched, improved, mellowed; to give you a really smoother smoke.

A significant fact: with Pall Mall, there is noticeably less finger stain, or no finger stain at all.

Pall Mall is a cooler cigarette, too—because the additional length travels the smoke further.

Yourselves, try Pall Mall critically. Noticeably cooler and smoother, its price remains but 15¢ for twenty.



"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"



Gordon's has the Advantage of Liqueur Quality & High Proof, 94.4

Select the gin that is recognized for certain definite advantages. For all gins are not alike. In Gordon's you have the advantage of Liqueur Quality and

High Proof, 94.4. This means richer flavor, velvety smoothness, drinks that never taste thin . . . good reasons for requesting Gordon's when buying gin.

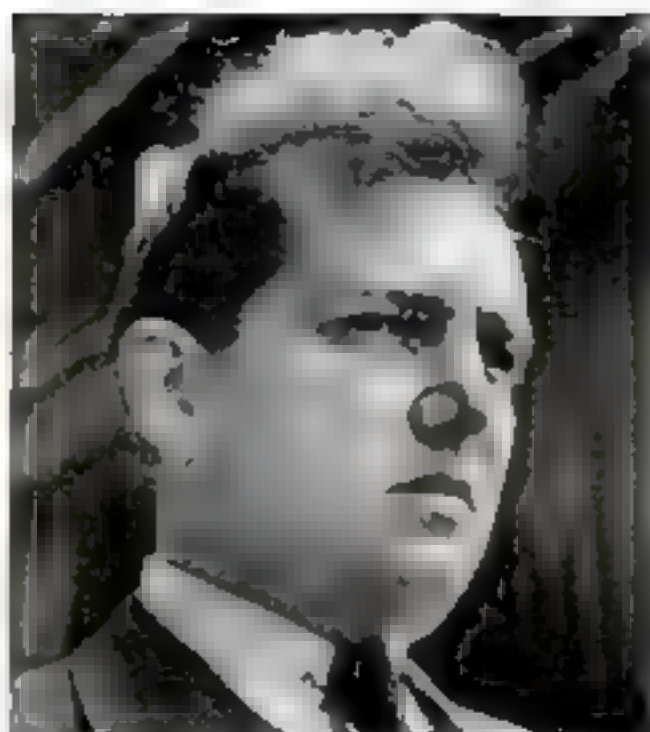
100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • COPYRIGHT 1940, GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY, LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

Gordon's Gin



Dr. Edward Kasner is one of the world's distinguished specialists in geometry.

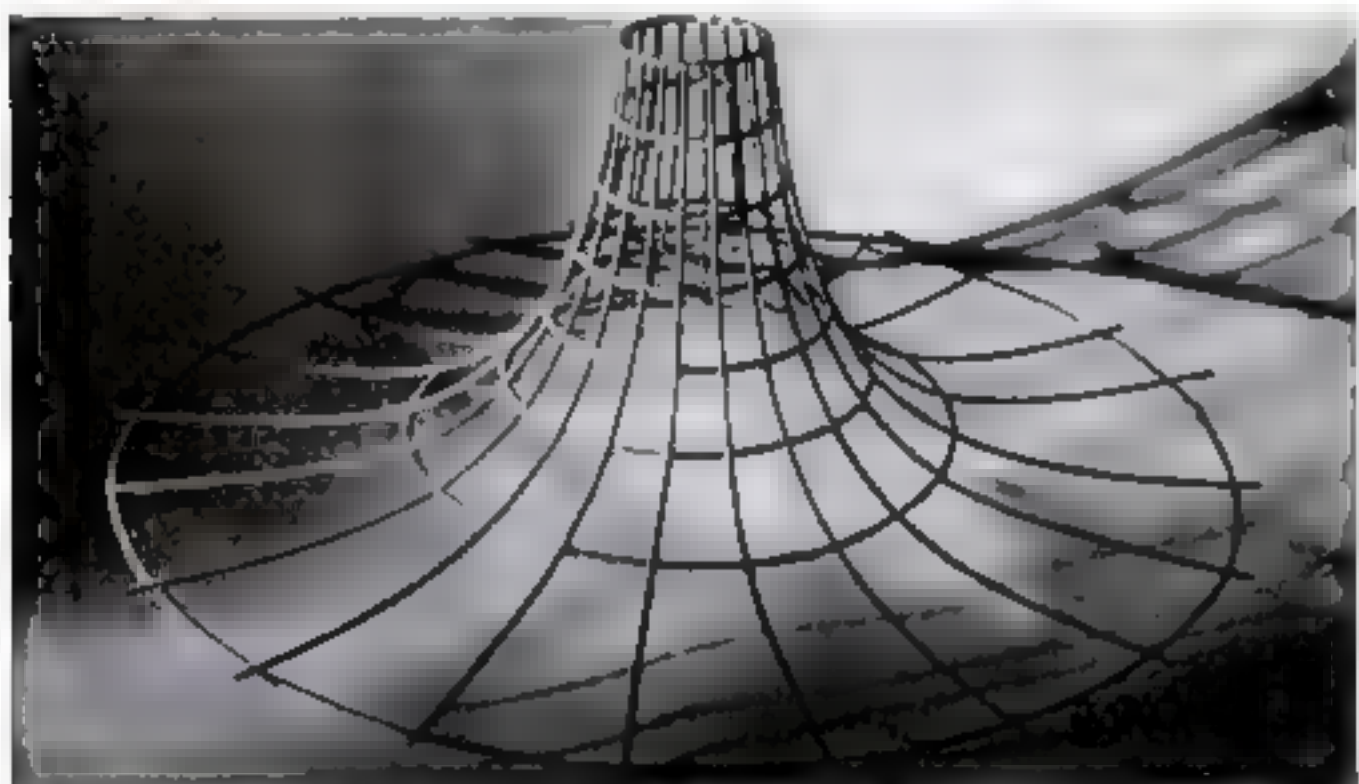


James Newman is a lawyer by profession, a mathematician by training and taste.

BOOK ON MATHEMATICS FOR LAYMEN GOES FROM GOOGOLS TO DOUGHNUTS

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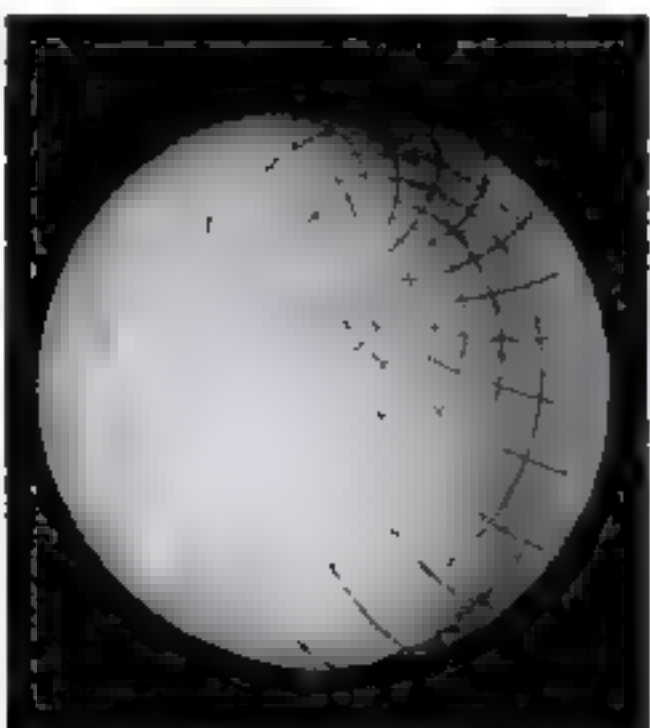
Full of puzzles and paradoxes, some of which may give laymen a slight sinking feeling, the book goes from huge and tiny numbers to topology or rubber-sheet geometry, which deals with things like one-sided strips of paper and the fact that the hole in a doughnut is not inside but outside. How to take off your vest without taking off your coat on topological principles is illustrated on the following pages. The authors tell why part of a train is always moving backward, give clues for visualizing the fourth dimension and leave readers to worry out the answers to problems like this: a hunter tramped south 3 miles, east 3 miles, shot a bear and walked 3 miles home. What color was the bear? (*White*).



A pseudosphere is the "opposite" of a sphere, and is a figure studied in non-Euclidean geometry. This model (from the Columbus Library) shows half of a pseudosphere.



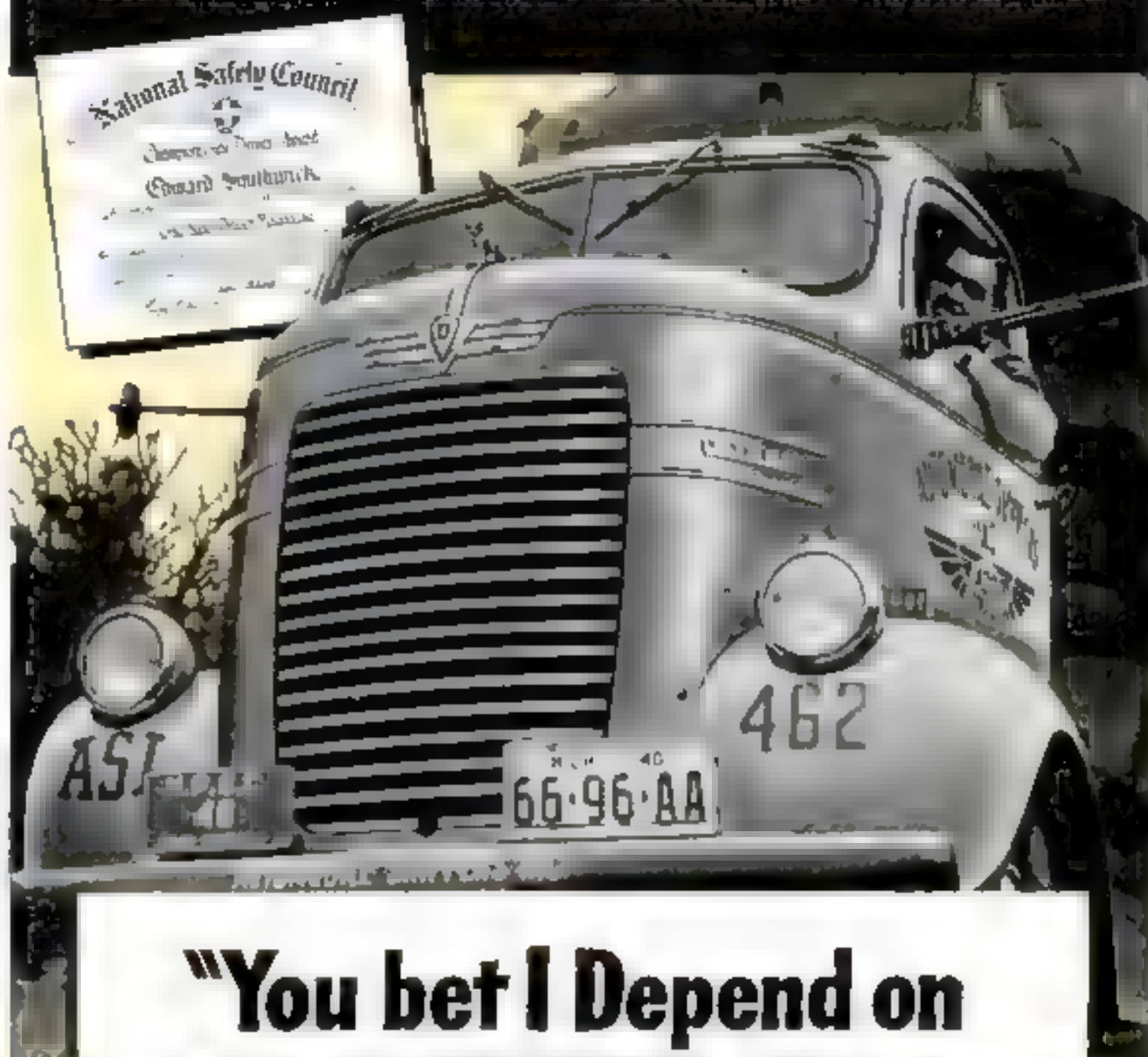
Circles, ellipses, parabolas and hyperbolas can be formed by slicing a cone.



Loxodromes demonstrate how a compass course may not take you in a straight line.

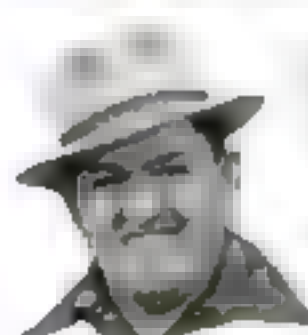
UNIVERSITY OF WEST PALM

**WINNER OF NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL
AWARD DRIVES DODGE TRUCKS
1 1/4 MILLION MILES WITHOUT ACCIDENT**



**"You bet I Depend on
DODGE TRUCKS. They're
Built for Safety"**

says - *Ed Smithwick?*



ONE MILLION, two hundred and twenty-two thousand miles—through thirteen years—**WITHOUT A SINGLE ACCIDENT!** That's what's back of Ed Smithwick's complete dependence on Dodge Safety. For every one of those miles was spent at the wheel of a Dodge truck! Ed Smithwick knows trucks—and he knows traffic! When he says that today Dodge Job-Rated trucks are better and safer than ever, he speaks with authority.

*They're **SAFE** -
and they **SAVE** on the job*

You'll find SAFETY only one of many advantages you get from a Dodge Job-Rated truck. Every unit—from engine to rear axle—is built and "sized" to fit the truck, so the truck will fit YOUR job. Dodge Job-Rated trucks are built for top performance with maximum economy—to cut your costs, save you money. They're priced with the lowest, and your Dodge dealer will gladly quote easy budget terms and a liberal allowance on your present equipment. DODGE DIVISION, CHRYSLER CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**New Dodge 2-Ton
Cub-Over-Engine
Trucks now offered
in addition to the
1½-Ton C.O.E. series.**

Dependable
DODGE
TRUCK SERVICE
Everywhere

SEE YOUR
DODGE DEALER
FOR
DEPENDABLE
USED TRUCKS

DEPEND ON DODGE
Job-Rated* **TRUCKS

3-2-1½-2½-3-TON CAPACITIES... 106 STANDARD CHASSIS AND BODY MODELS ON 17 WHEELBASES

***Job-Rated* MEANS: A TRUCK THAT FITS YOUR JOB.**



... because it's filled with flavor through and through
 You'll get real enjoyment for a longer time from delicious
 Beech-Nut Gum ... because the finest flavors are mixed
 through and through. Try all 7 delicious varieties.

Full-flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
 Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum

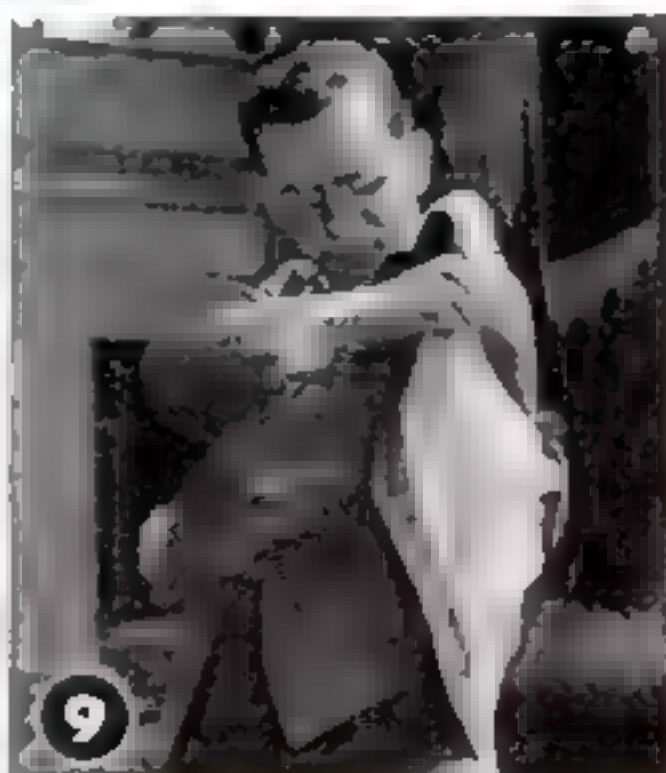
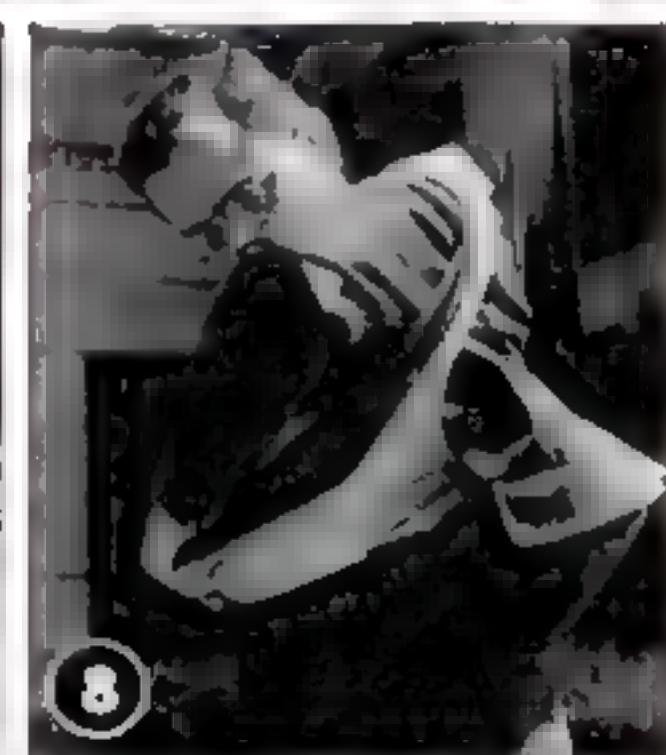
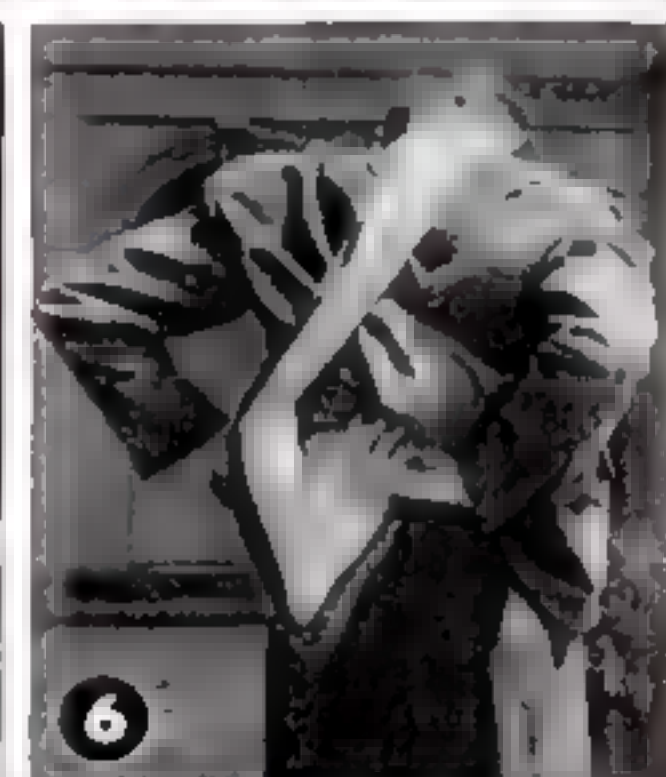
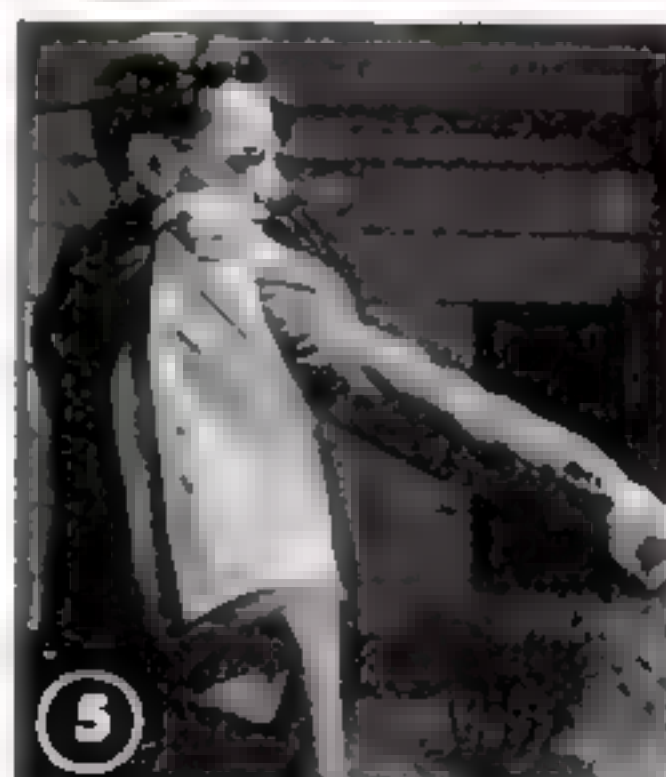


DON'T MISS THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

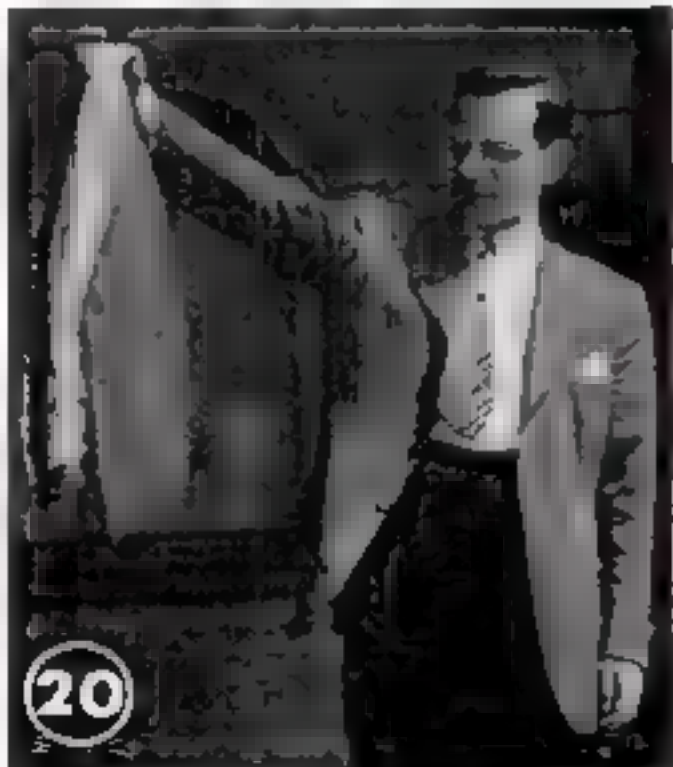
Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk
 Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Mathematics (continued)

BECAUSE YOUR VEST IS NOT INSIDE COAT



YOU CAN DOFF IT WITHOUT REMOVING COAT



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Take a tip from the Tropics
**TO COMPLETE YOUR
SUMMER SCENE**



Search from sizzling Sudan to boiling Borneo...and back to the Bengal tiger land. You'll find that men who beat the tropic heat call on the same warm friend for cool moments...Johnnie Walker, iced with soda.

When the mercury mounts, remember the tropics' customary cool drink...a tall glass of Johnnie Walker and soda, well iced. There's no finer whisky than Scotch, and Johnnie Walker is Scotch at its smooth, mellow best.

Black Label 12 Years Old
Red Label 8 Years Old
Both 86.8 proof



IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH
JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

CALOX MOVIE QUIZ NUMBER 8



Peg's "HOLLYWOOD SPARKLE" gets her man!



1 **Gwen:** "Why Peg! You're mad as a hatter! Where are you going?"
Peg: "Home! That's where! Can you imagine Dick telling me it was a shame the way I rejected my teeth!"



2 **Gwen:** "He didn't mean it, Peg. My advice is Calox Tooth Powder... its 5 cleansing agents do splendid work in helping to bring out the natural lustre of your teeth!"

LATER



3 **Peg:** "What a marvelous show, Dick! And that new star—didn't she have the loveliest smile!"
Dick: "Sure, but your 'Hollywood Sparkle' can match hers any day!"

Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" by bringing out natural lustre

CLUES

By Harrison Carroll
HOLLYWOOD CORRESPONDENT

1. Who played the part of a Confederate spy in "Virginia City"?
2. Who leads a quiet life with her adopted son, Michael?
3. Who has blonde hair, blue eyes and—like so many other stars—a vivacious Calox smile?

The answer to each question is a name of a person.

**TRY THIS
FINGER-NAIL TEST
—PROVE CALOX
POLISHES
SAFELY**



Make this amazing Calox test: pour a little Calox Tooth Powder on a nail buffer and rub your nails, *hard*. What a smooth, high polish! That's definite proof Calox contains no harsh abrasives to harm the softest tooth enamel.

Calox Tooth Powder has not only 1 or 2, but **FIVE CLEANSING AGENTS** that attack ugly film and surface stain. You can feel the surging foam of Calox going into split-second action and new, high polish on your teeth... as Calox helps you win that "Hollywood Sparkle." Brush your teeth with Calox for 30 DAYS! Prove how it helps improve the natural brightness and lustre of your teeth!

CALOX TOOTH POWDER

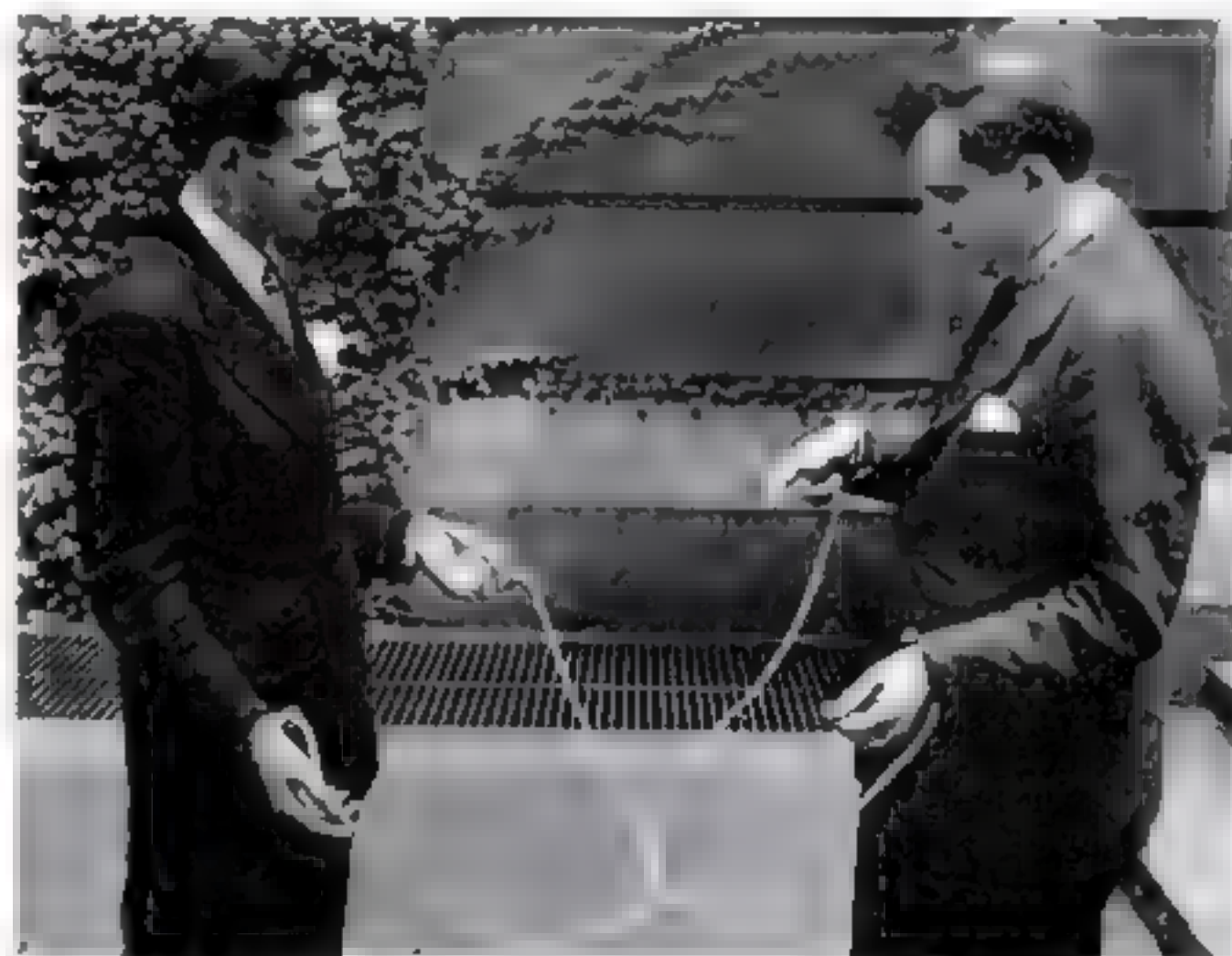
Try Calox Antiseptic—Refreshes the mouth, sweetens the breath

*Miriam Hopkins



Mathematics (continued)

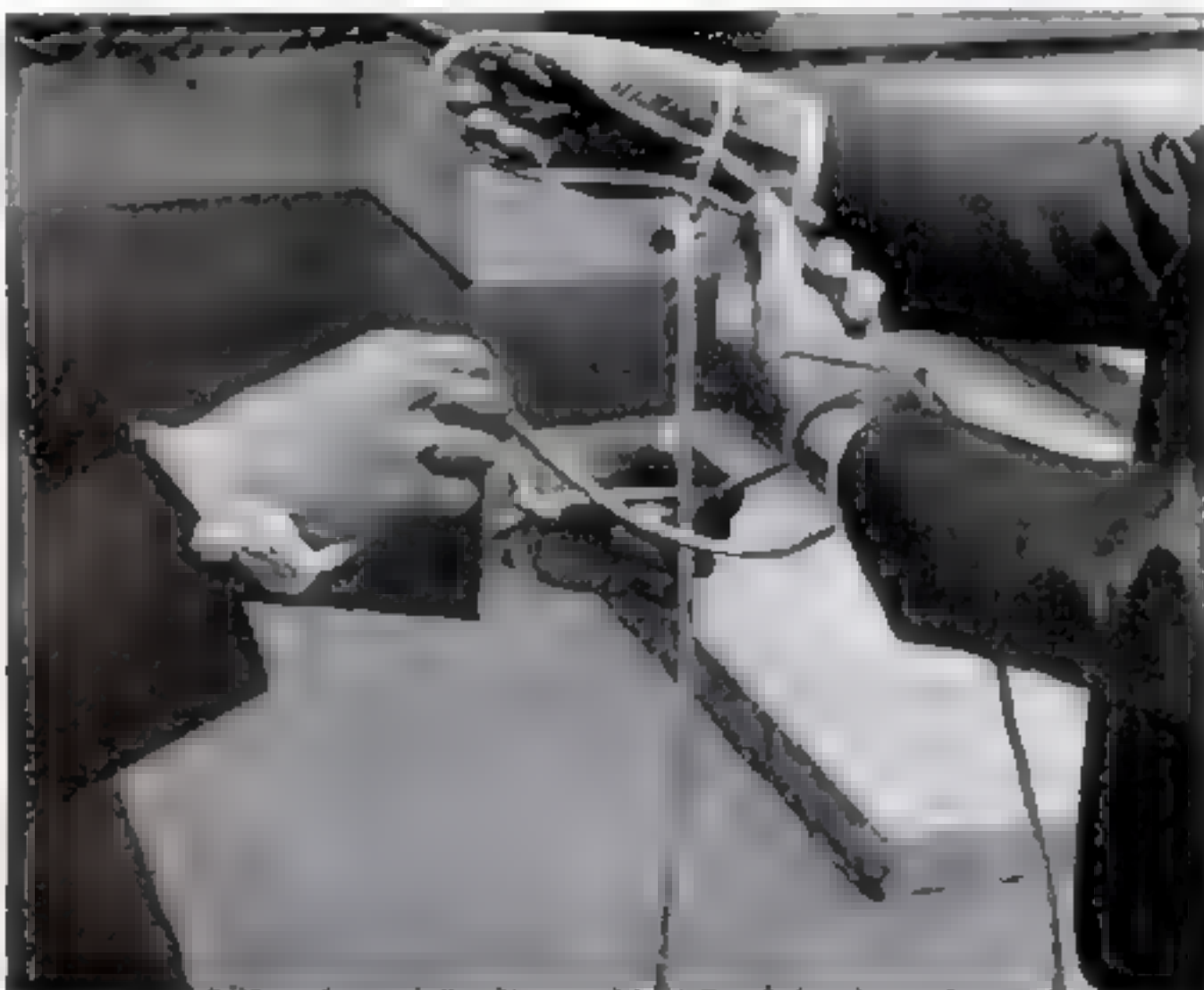
SCHOLARS PRACTICE TOPOLOGICAL ESCAPE ACT



With wrists tied, Mr. Newman (right) and a Columbia instructor seem inextricably linked, since the ropes that tie them are looped together. The problem is to escape.



Non-mathematical approach to this problem involves strenuous exercise and no results. No amount of gymnastics or double-jointedness will serve to separate men.



Mathematical solution is easy. Mr. Newman takes partner's rope and slips a loop of it under rope circling his wrist. When he puts his hand through loop, he is free.



A RATHER IMPORTANT
Announcement

To mark the Twentieth year of Crosley Radio,
it is a privilege to announce

Glamor-Tone
A NEW TYPE OF FIDELITY IN SOUND

CITIES like Paris and Hollywood have GLAMOR. You can find it in certain ships and trains—and in people—in athletes, in actors and in statesmen, in men of great personality and in women of unusual beauty and charm.

There is GLAMOR in great musicians and the music they create. Yes, and there is GLAMOR in the Tone of the Crosley Anniversary Radios for 1941. We suggest that you hear it.

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION • *Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.* • CINCINNATI, OHIO
The Home of H L W, the Nation's Station—70 on your dial

The Crosley radio line for 1941 runs from \$9.95 to \$119.95. It includes tube, vacuum, or radio phonograph combinations with and without a turntable and players, home recording devices, frequency modulation sets, portables and auto radios... The model illustrated has American broadcast and international short wave bands, personal tone control, five tubes and battery for A.C. or D.C. and is priced at \$19.95. Prices slightly higher in the West and South.

Visit the Crosley Building at the New York World's Fair

CROSLEY PIONEERS AGAIN

CROSLEY RADIO

FRESH AND TANGY AS AN OCEAN BREEZE

REGATTA SHRIMP SALAD

WITH *REAL MAYONNAISE*



REGATTA SHRIMP SALAD

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 package lime-flavored gelatin | 1/2 cup radishes, sliced |
| 1 1/4 cups boiling water | Tomatoes |
| 3 or 4 tablespoons vinegar | Shrimp |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | Lettuce |
| 1/2 cup cucumber, peeled, scored and sliced | Parsley |
| | Hellmann's or Best Foods Real Mayonnaise |

Dissolve lime-flavored gelatin in boiling water. Add vinegar and salt. Chill until it begins to thicken; add cucumber and radishes. Pour into ring mold; chill until firm. Unmold on chop plate. Fill center with lettuce leaves and sliced tomatoes. Around mold arrange shrimps and lettuce cups filled with Real Mayonnaise. Garnish with parsley and tomato wedges, as illustrated. Serves 6.

PAMELA GETS OFF TO A NEW START ON SALADS

THIS IS NIFTY, MAE — FRONT SEATS FOR THE BOAT RACES AND SWELL FOOD BESIDES! HOW DO YOU GET MAYONNAISE TO TASTE LIKE THIS — SO LIGHT AND DELICATE YET SO RICH?

THAT'S EASY, PAM — JUST ASK MY GROCER FOR REAL MAYONNAISE!

BUT I'M AMAZED, MAE! THIS IS SO DELICIOUSLY CREAMY — NOT A BIT LIKE THE DRESSINGS I'VE BOUGHT!

OF COURSE NOT! IT ISN'T A "DRESSING," PAM. REAL MAYONNAISE IS MADE LIKE THE HOME KIND, WITHOUT STARCHY FILLER, AND DOESN'T TURN WATERY WHEN YOU ADD MILK OR FRUIT JUICES

Really Fresh, Too!
... this light mayonnaise — delicate in flavor, light and smooth in texture

Real Mayonnaise (Best Foods in the West, Hellmann's in the East) is made like the home kind. It contains only freshly broken eggs, added egg yolks, choice vinegar and spices, and our own "FRESH PRESS" Salad Oil which we ourselves prepare fresh each day, as it is needed. And in our powerful new kind of double-whipper these ingredients are so completely blended that Real Mayonnaise, with all its home-made richness, is even lighter and creamier in texture than home-made, and has a zestfully light, delicate flavor, free from oily taste.

I'VE CERTAINLY LEARNED SOMETHING, JOE! BRIGHT AND EARLY TOMORROW OUR GROCER GETS AN ORDER FOR REAL MAYONNAISE!

OKAY, KID I COULD GO FOR A LOT OF SALADS LIKE MAE'S!

BEST FOODS • HELLMANN'S

Real Mayonnaise



IN THE WEST
IN THE EAST



AMBASSADOR JOE KENNEDY'S WIFE (HEADSHERCHIEF) & CHILDREN SAIL OFF HYANNIS



HARWICK PORT YOUNGSTERS TAKE THEIR FIRST DIP IN NANTUCKET SOUND



BETTY NOWLEY OF HARWICK PORT LOVES THE DUNES

CAPE COD

Sea makes it great summer playground

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR LIFE BY ALFRED E. LENTHALDE

Twenty-five thousand years ago a glacier pushed a little finger of land out from the Atlantic seaboard into the ocean. The glacier vanished, but the long thin finger and the sea remained. And ever since the sea has been the master and the maker of Cape Cod. The sea has clawed off its sheer bluffs and piled up its rolling dunes. The sea has ironed smooth its 400 miles of yellow beach and curled into its hundred gentle harbors. The sea is in the cool salt smell of its air, in the white mists of the mornings and in the long heaving surfs at night. The sea wind has twisted the pines in its woods and cropped the scrub on its moors.

Even on its people and their fifteen stately towns the sea has left its mark. For the sea made Cape Cod the first landing place of the Pilgrims, the cradle of New World commerce and the sometimes treacherous haven of early American shipping. Now turn the pages of this photographic essay to note how today the sea has made Cape Cod one of the great summer playgrounds of the world.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BARNSTABLE COUPLE STROLL ACROSS SANDY NECK



HIGHLAND LIGHT AT NORTH TRURO TOWERS AT EDGE OF LONELY "BACK SIDE" BLUFFS



GLOVEMAKER'S SIGN AND CHURCH VANE MARK AN ANTIQUE SHOP NEAR CHATHAM

CLAMBAKE

Here's how they do
it at Barnstable

Along Cape Cod's two main highways, U. S. 6 and U. S. 28, are proclaimed the delights of its clams, oysters, eels, crabs and an assortment of salt-water fish that would turn the head of a gourmet. In old post houses where once Colonial stages clattered up in a cloud of dust, in old captains' mansions where now "off-Cape" tourists stop, you can eat Cape Cod's special fried scallops, fish pie, wild beach-plum jelly and the best clam chowder in the world. But if you want a real spread, go on a Cape Cod clambake.

On these two pages Photographer Eisenstaedt gives the round-by-round record of a clambake so that pos-

terity may have a definitive account of how it was done. The ten young Massachusetts couples of the party met June 23 at 1 p.m. at Captain Grey's Inn in Barnstable. From there they cruised across Barnstable Harbor to the low bar jutting into Cape Cod Bay called Sandy Neck. Meanwhile, "Captain" Clarence Chase, an old Cape Cod fisherman, had brought the victuals in his fishing boat and built the stone and seaweed oven. An hour later he raked off the top layer of the seaweed to disclose, around a nest of steaming red lobsters, the world's most delectable seafood dinner. For recipe, follow pictures on opposite page.



"Come and get it" brings the clambake party scurrying to the blanket table on the beach. Appetites are whetted on hot dogs and steamed mackerel, followed by as many clams

and lobsters as guests can stow. Iced watermelon follows for those who can take it. Off the bar lies the yacht *Wild Knight*, which belongs to Frank Chase, Melrose, Mass. ma-

rine-hardware merchant (with captain's cap at left). Beyond, across the harbor, lies Barnstable, to which the party will return at sundown, sated with food, salt spray and sea air



Victuals consist of 2 bu. clams, 30 lobsters, 18 lb. mackerel, 1 peck potatoes, 4 lb. hot dogs, bread, butter, beer, rum, watermelon in ice. Seaweed, wood and rocks are towed in dory.



The clambakers land in a dory from the yacht *Wild Knight*, which is anchored offshore. Extreme right and left are Mr. and Mrs. De Witt Clinton of Barnstable, clambake hosts.



The oven is a carefully built grate of stones and logs. When wood, soaked with kerosene, has made the stones red-hot, cooking begins. More traditional oven is a sand-dug pit.



The "captain" waters the clams to aid the steaming. Clams, lobsters and fish are put in gauge bags to keep them, according to the captain, "from hopping off the stones."



Five bags of freshly watered seaweed from Barnstable are dumped over the stones when the wood has burned down. On this bed of steaming kelp the food is quickly placed.



The dinner is covered with canvas and more seaweed. Everything is cooked together, gets tang from the weed. Missing at this bake was fresh corn on cob, unavailable till August.



Dinner is ready after an hour in the steaming weed. The captain rakes off the top layers, starts serving the guests who line up with paper plates and cups for melted butter.

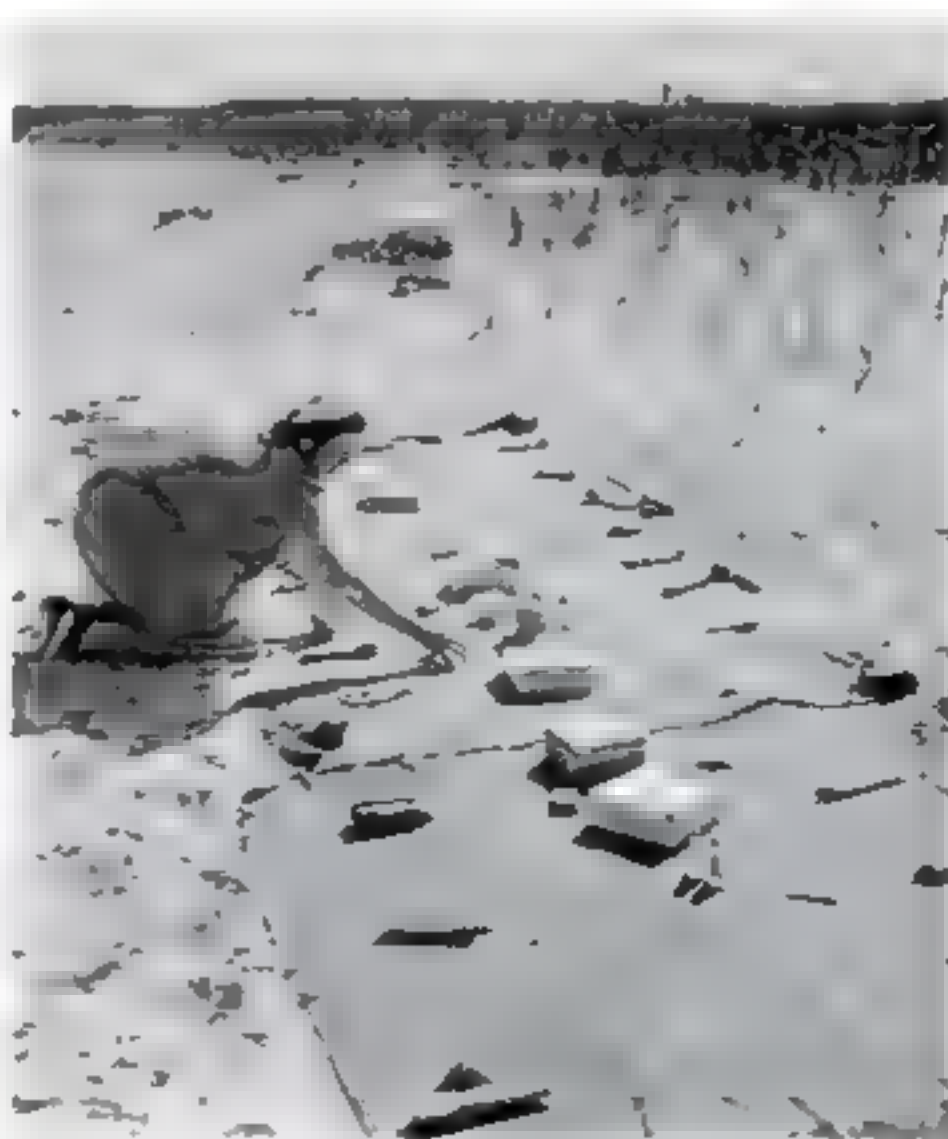


Table is laid on blankets on beach by Mrs. De Witt Clinton. Beer and coca-cola are fished from the surf where they are cooling, and the captain cracks lobster shells with a cleaver.



The right way to eat lobster at clambake is here shown by Walter Baylies of Taunton, Massachusetts State legislator. He lies flat on his stomach so butter doesn't drip on clothes.



WOODS HOLE FROM AIR IS A SCALLOP OF LAND BETWEEN BUZZARDS BAY (TOP) AND VINEYARD SOUND (RIGHT)



HARWICH PORT LOOKS LIKE A LITTLE ROUND GREEN

Cape is rich in scenery and early American history

Officially the Cape starts at the Canal (see map). Before that you may note the stunted pines, the windy moors and dunes that make Cape Cod unique. But once across the Canal the land soon narrows down, the air takes on an added clarity and even the houses assume a form distinct.

Facing the mainland on the inner shore is the "Bay Side." This is a coast of serene Colonial towns anchored up quiet armlets of the sea. Between stretch dark fir forests, sudden sweeps of herce white dunes and broad flats of salt-water marshland. Barnstable is famous for its charming old Cape houses and its cemeteries on a knoll. Sandwich is noted for its village green, its grist mill on the pond, its "oldest house

on the Cape" (1637), its shop windows glinting with antique glass blown by "guffers" a hundred years ago.

Across the Cape, facing Nantucket Sound, curves the "South Shore," mecca of smart Massachusetts society. Woods Hole is the terminal where Boston train meets Nantucket boat. Famed are its great Marine Biological Laboratory, its lobster wharves, its tides racing through narrow straits and its lighthouse high on Nobska Point. Nearby is Falmouth, where Revolutionary soldiers drilled on the village green and Colonial captains ran the British blockade. Farther down the Cape are the yacht clubs and the great estates, the super-swank Colony Club at Oyster Harbors, the shopping center at Hyannis where you

BEHIND BARNSTABLE'S CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MINUTE MEN OF '76 LIE BURIED



SANDWICH'S OLD POST OFFICE ON MAIN STREET IS NOW AN ANTIQUE GLASS SHOP





BOWL SUNK IN SMOOTH LAWN OF CAPE'S SOUTH SHORE



HYANNIS HARBOR IS YACHTING WATER. SHED LEFT OF CENTER IS BOAT STORAGE. HYANNIS BULKHEAD AT RIGHT

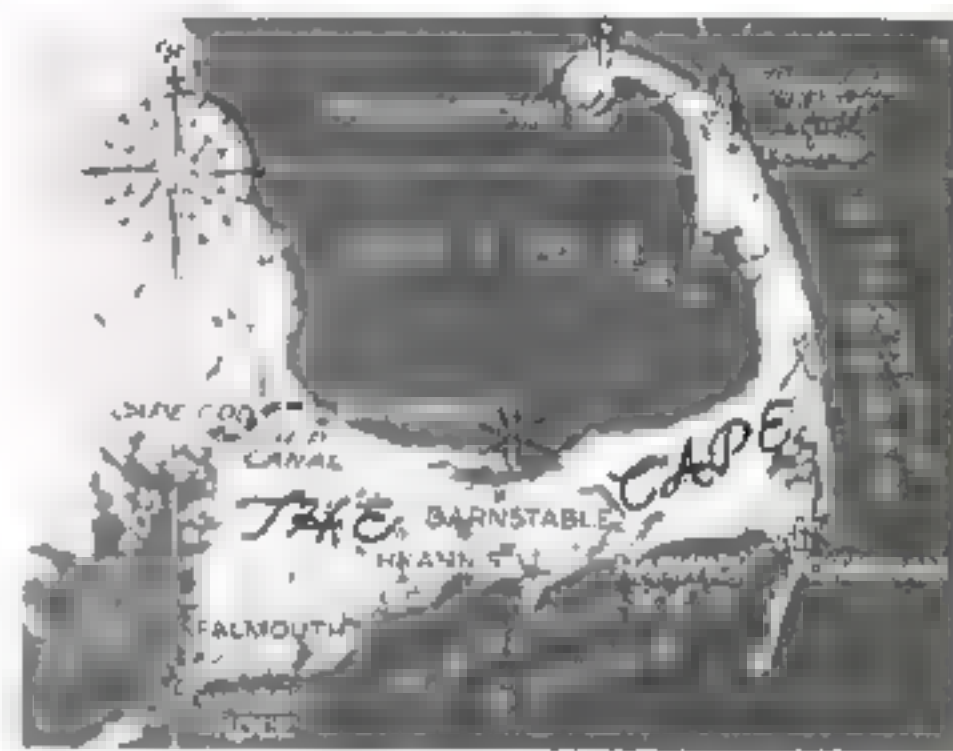
can buy a Peck & Peck sweater or an Abercrombie & Fitch blazer, the windmills along Bass River, the captain's rows on the narrow streets of South Yarmouth.

At the elbow of the Cape where a 10-mile sand-spit slabs the sea, sits Chatham. Here, in 1620, the *Mayflower* was turned back from its course toward the Jersey coast by the roaring Shoals of Pollack Rip. The great Chatham light now blinks over shallows where wind and riptide foundered many a helpless schooner in this "graveyard of the Atlantic."

Now the Cape turns sharply north and narrows further. At Orleans, bombarded by the British in 1812 and by a German submarine in 1918, you can stand in one spot and see the sun both rise and set in

the sea. On down the Cape stretches the "Back Side" shore once tramped by Henry Thoreau. Here are bleak bluffs and lonely hills, miles of straight, unbroken beach, wind-swept cemeteries on gloomy crests, and over all "that strange wild dominance of the sea." The drama of this coast culminates in Highland Light, a clean white shaft shooting from the upland moor.

Rolling in a snug harbor at the tip is Provincetown, once a fishing village, now a scramble of picturesque wharves, old homes, writers, artists, Portuguese fishermen, one-day excursionists from Boston and gaudy honky-tonks. Finally, the Cape ends in a burst of splendor among the great sand dunes of Race Point.

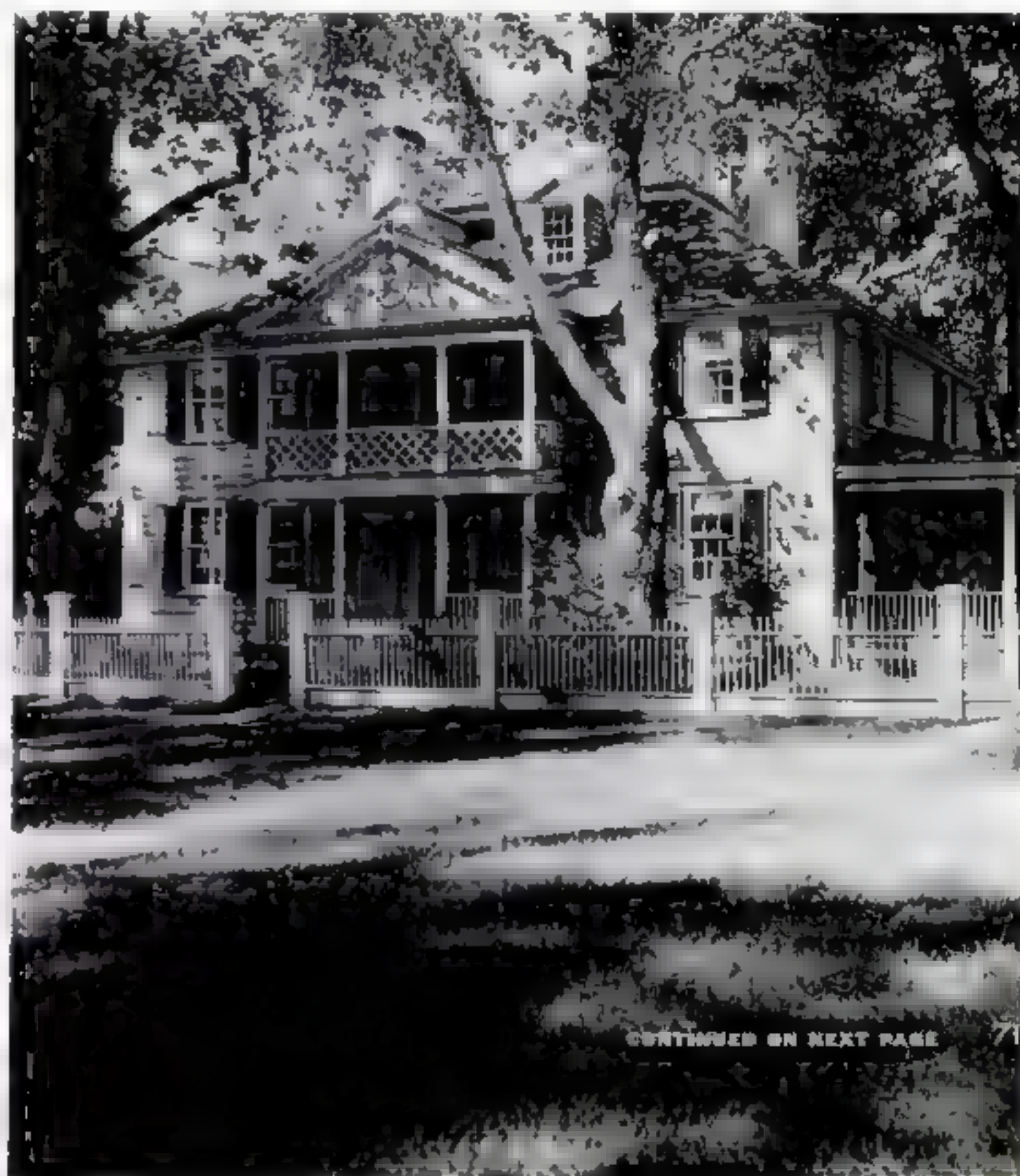


FOUR WATERS BOUND CAPE'S CROOKED FINGER

RAMBLER ROSES AND PICKET FENCE GO WITH THE GRAY-SHINGLED CAPE COD HOUSE



A WIDOW'S WALK TOPS THIS CAPTAIN'S MANSION ON FALMOUTH'S VILLAGE GREEN



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



SUSAN GLASPELL HAS BEEN WRITING NOVELS AND PLAYS IN PROVINCETOWN FOR 28 YEARS

Its people, old and new,

The Cape divides its people roughly down the middle into natives and "summer folk." Each group thinks the other queer.

Thrifty and independent, made sturdy and solid by the sea, the native Cape Codders have a calm unruffled attitude toward life and a wit touched with the salt tang of the air. In the dawn of American history they were sailors and fishermen, soldiers and shippers who amassed the fortunes to which their stately homes bear witness. Today the descendants of the Crowells and the Crockers, the Sears and Homers, the Crosbys and Cabots provide for the "off-Cape" tourists who, 200,000 strong, crowd this narrow strip of land each year. Now, as then, they retain a regional quality so ingrained that they still refer to Boston as a "journey to the States." And now, as then, they live to such astonishing



THREE GLOUCESTER FISHERMEN PUT IN AT WOODS HOLE TO MEND NETS

A \$30 tour of Cape Cod made in ten days by Doc Schaeferman and Sylvia Senk of New York. Mounted on 50 years and swathed in raincoats, they do not mind a three-day nor easter.



Artists abound on the Cape. In Provincetown Richard Miller, whose paintings hang in many great galleries of the world, paints a portrait of Mary Ellen Beachler, p. writer of books for children.



keep its charm intact

old age that nobody thinks of settling down until he rounds 90. One reason may be the climate, but another, advanced by a spry octogenarian, is that it "takes such an eternal long time to convince a Cape Cod Yankee of anything." Practically the only people who died young were the crews of whalers and schooners, square-riggers and teacippers, who at 19 and 20 were often lost in gales at sea.

The summer folk—vacationists, artists, writers, lovers of sand and sea—started coming some 80 years ago, are now striving side by side with natives to keep the Cape's peculiar charm intact. Great names among these latter-day Cape Codders include Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, Justice Louis Brandeis, Artists Frederick Waugh and Edward Hopper, Writers John Dos Passos and Edmund Wilson, President Emeritus A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard and Felix du Pont.



MRS. JOSEPH KENNEDY READS TO HER CHILDREN AT HYANNIS PORT

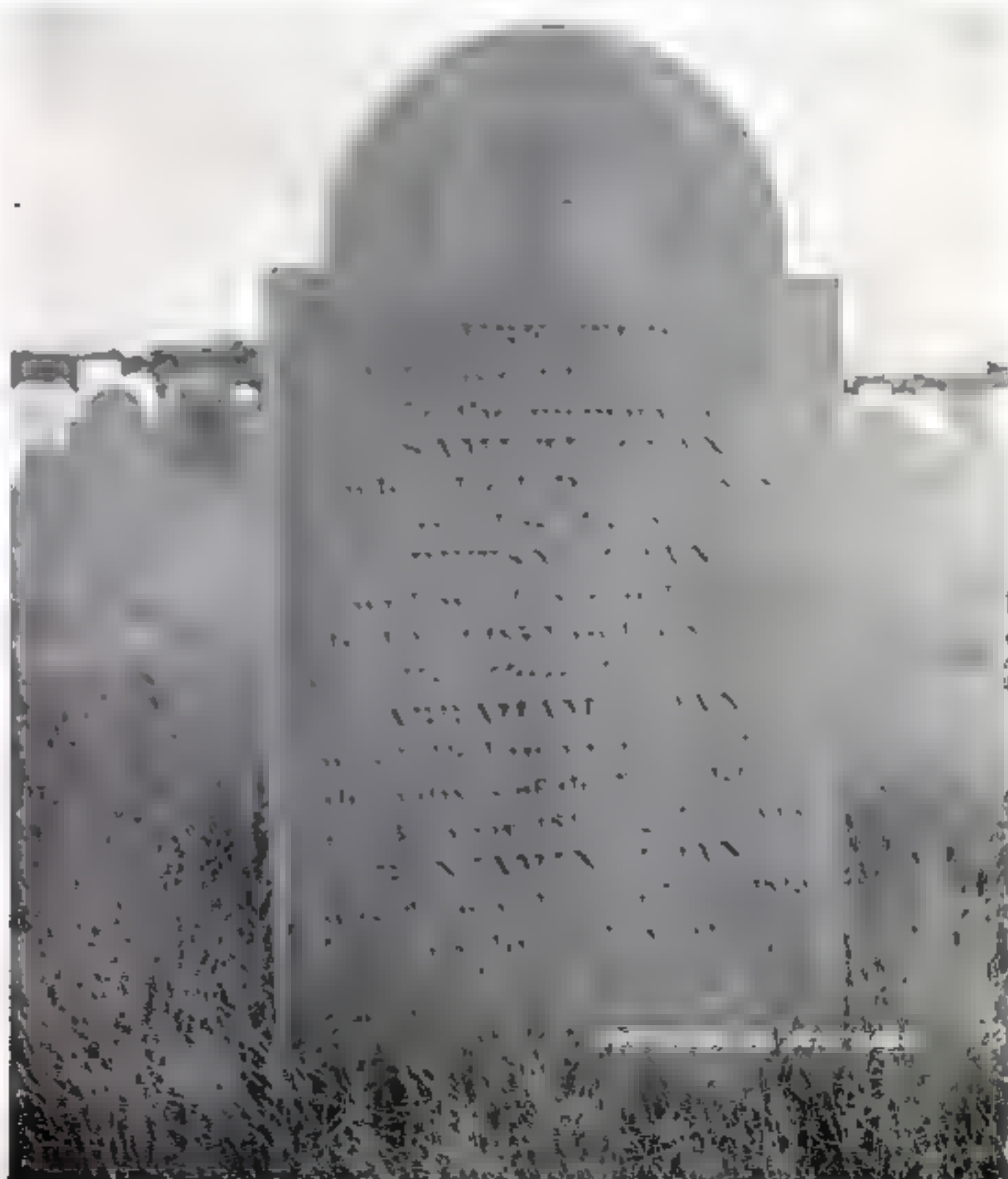


JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, NATIVE CAPE CODDER, STANDS BEFORE PAINTING FOR ONE OF HIS BOOKS

First writer to summer on Cape was Mary Heston Vorse, who came to this house 23 years ago. She is known as a labor reporter, loves to work in bed overlooking Provincetown's picturesque wharves.



"All the old Cape Codders," says Joe Lincoln, "are dead." But the cemeteries that crown the sandy hills are filled with slate and granite relics, like this one, of three centuries of life.



Its placid bays make fine sailing for summer children

In its landlocked harbors, its shallow coves and inlets, the summer children of the Cape find safe quarters for every water sport. Where once pirates put in from sea, where British frigates bombarded the rebellious Colonial coasts, now youngsters, freed from school, swim, fish, row and sail boats of every class from 12-ft. Beetle Cats to 25-ft. Crosby Semors.

On these two pages is Alfred Eisenstaedt's photographic album of the sea-

son's first boating party given by teen-age boys and girls of Harwich township. Most of them are junior members of the Stone Horse Yacht Club at Harwich Port. Most of them have sailboats of their own, generally compass class, with now and then a 22-footer. After swinging around Harwich Port's outer harbor in perfect formation, they went en masse to the South Harwich waterfront home of Barbara Stevens for a hamburger fry and a swim.



In a 1916 jalopy with a new coat of paint and polished brass, Johnny West of South Harwich brings some of his friends down to the Stone Horse Yacht Club for a day's boating and beach party. Sally and Mary Daniels, whose home is in Worcester, cling to the running board.



With jibs and mainsails rigged, the Harwich Port junior sailors circle the sheltered port before a difficult run past the stone jetty into Nantucket Sound. In midsummer the tiny basin, once a fresh-water pond which was opened to the sea, is packed with sailing craft.



Good sailors are these prep-school and college youths who spend their vacations on the Cape's "South Shore." Left to right: Chuck and Hazel ("Snookey") Rowley of Cleveland, Mary Emily and Danny Pettungill of Cincinnati and Pete Fellows of Maplewood, N. J.



Beach-party "cokes" are buried in the surf by Sally Daniels to keep them cool. But before frying hamburgers over a driftwood fire, most of the youngsters, like Betty Rowley and Russell Morris on the opposite page, take a running splash into cool Cape Cod waters.







AMBASSADOR AND MRS. GREW PREFER TO DINE TOGETHER IN A RECEPTION ROOM OF EMBASSY RATHER THAN LOSE THEMSELVES IN FORMAL DINING ROOM WHICH SEATS 32

JOE GREW, AMBASSADOR TO JAPAN

AMERICA'S TOP CAREER DIPLOMAT KNOWS HOW TO APPEASE THE JAPANESE OR BE STERN WITH THEM

by JOHN HERSEY

The Japanese are a race of suppressed poets. When Joseph Clark Grew, U. S. Ambassador to Japan, stepped off a boat onto a Yokohama dock after his furlough in the U. S. last autumn, a cluster of interviewers gathered round with poetic questions on their lips. After the usual bowing, breath-sipping and apologies for presuming so far as to pose questions, one of them asked: "Does His Excellency have concealed in his bosom a dagger or a dove?"

Joe Grew's answer was poetic at least in its simplicity and sincerity: "I have nothing concealed in my bosom except the desire to work with all my mind, with all my heart and with all my strength for Japanese-American friendship."

Japanese-American friendship has suddenly become a very pressing matter. For some years Americans have indulged in the luxury of disapproving the Japanese and of letting our relations with them deteriorate. Now, at the moment when we may have to face one unfriendly power in the Atlantic, we find ourselves with another unfriendly power in the Pacific.

It is a cardinal rule of foreign policy not to be caught without any strong friends. Having failed to take sufficient steps toward keeping either Britain or China really strong, it is natural at this moment that some Americans

should propose making up to Japan. The first big guns to sound off for such a move were Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, and Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the *New York Daily News*. These cousins, who seldom find anything in common, agree editorially that by buttering up Japan we could "double the U. S. fleet overnight"—i. e., free it for service in the Atlantic.



Grew's office on second floor of chancellery (center) looks out on pool which at night is lit up with amber-colored lamps.

The arguments of these publishers and their sympathizers are cogent if cynical. Even before Japan invaded China, total U. S. investments in China were only \$250,000,000—less than the assets of a single company like Western Union or Sears, Roebuck. This is not worth fighting for. It would be no use fighting for the Philippines, since they could not be successfully defended. British Malaya and The Netherlands East Indies, which supply us with 85% of our rubber and 78% of our tin, ought not to fall into hostile hands, but since our fleet could not defend them either, we might quickly make an equitable deal with Japan concerning those vital commodities. Japan is our third-best customer, a far more natural partner in a world of dog-eat-dog than Russia ever was for Germany. Finally, a dynamic appeasement of Japan could probably get more for China than the present policy of wistful watching. For instance, the U. S. might insist that the Japanese withdraw to China's five northern provinces and in return give Japan economic concessions in the Philippines.

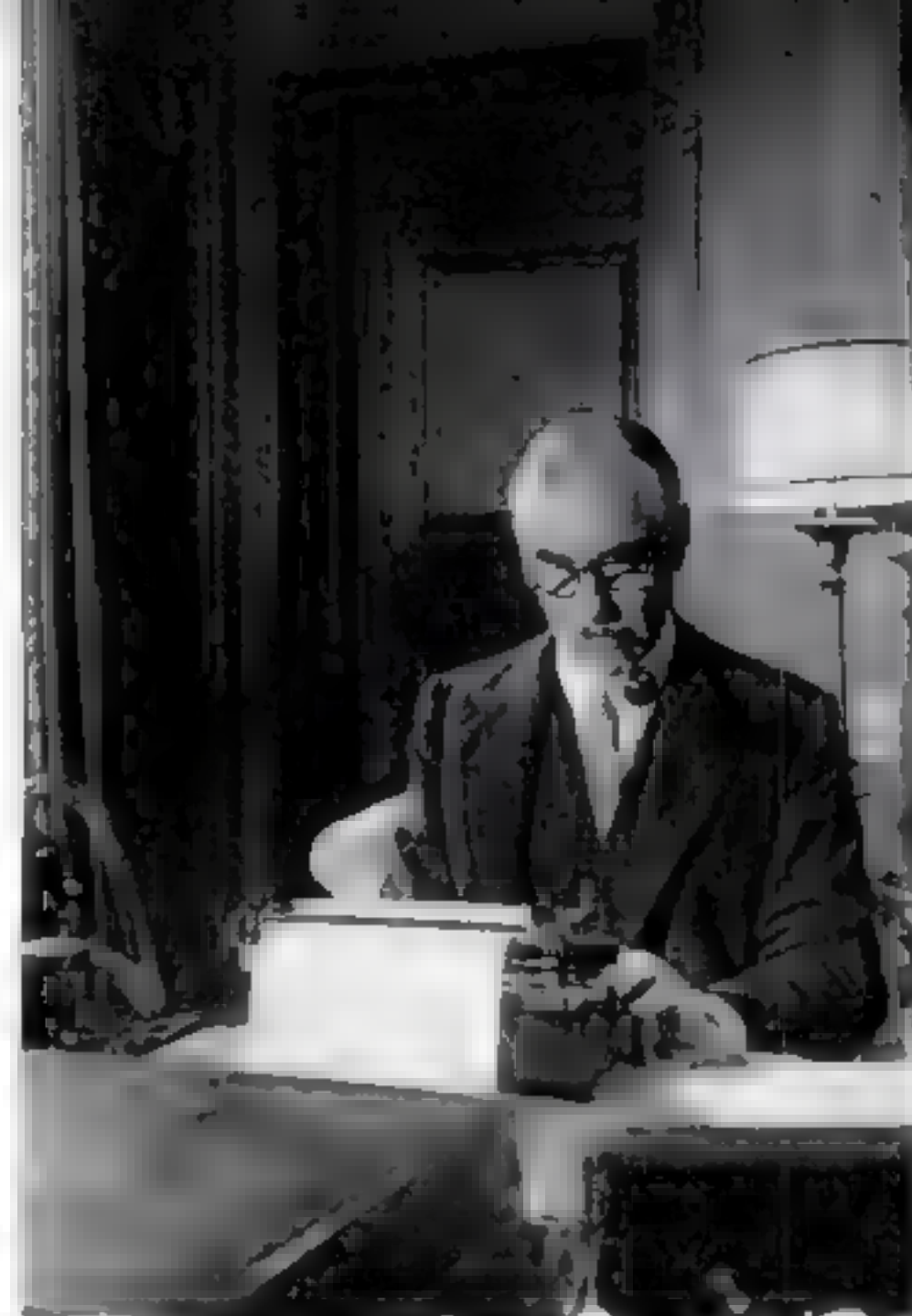
The sentiment for making this diplomatic reversal in order to concentrate on the threat from Europe has already been labeled with an opprobrious term: appeasement. The move has in it the seeds of just such a sellout as Chamber-



Grew hears the morning news read by a Japanese translator. Grew speaks French, German and Russian but does not yet know Japanese which takes years of intensive study to master.



The front hall of the Embassy is decorated with Chinese silk paintings hanging over a circular staircase, an old Japanese gold-leaf folding screen and several very fine Turkish rugs.



In his study the Ambassador puffs at a favorite pipe and pecks away at the typewriter. He writes his own speeches and lets carbon copies of his diary serve as letters to his daughters.

AMBASSADOR GREW (continued)

lain and Daladier engineered at Munich—a sellout of China for the sake of an illusory respite from fear. It connotes the same confession of weakness. The Japanese despise and take advantage of anyone who backs down, and one withdrawal, no matter how infinitesimal, would be equivalent to giving up the whole Western Pacific. There are also moral arguments against the move, but in times of stress moral considerations tend to be elided.

Last week there was bitter stress. French and English power in the Pacific had been reduced to a shadow of its old self. Japan massed troops and ships to move into French Indo-China. White women and children were evacuated from British Hong Kong in preparation for a siege. And Tokyo caught up its ravelled ties with Berlin and Rome.

All this makes Japanese-American friendship the most urgent question mark in U. S. foreign policy today. And because he has always been the foremost advocate of befriending Japan, Joseph Clark Grew has been lifted by these circumstances to the position of greatest responsibility in the foreign service. With Bullitt waiting on a captive government in France, Kennedy busier with refugees than high policy and Phillips unable to get even a peep at Mussolini, Grew has become unquestionably the most important U. S. Ambassador.

He practices his own appeasement

Appeasement, in the sense of yielding to Japan a kind of Monroe Doctrine for East Asia, is something new on the diplomatic horizon. Ambassador Grew, the model of a discreet career diplomat, has given no hint of what he thinks about it. But for eight years Joe Grew has actually been practicing his own appeasement—an honorable appeasement that was alert for U. S. moral aims and economic interests alike; an appeasement that has consisted of alternate protestations of affection and protests against outrageous behavior. According to the Grew concept, diplomacy is reduced to simple human terms: I want to like you. In the face of almost endless vexations he has exercised that point of view so skilfully that the slightest U. S. move toward appeasement would probably be immediately accepted by Tokyo. All Japan loves and trusts the person of

Joe Grew. Through him they would gladly embrace the U. S.

When Grew was tapped for Tokyo—most important Embassy ever given a U. S. career diplomat—in 1932, Japan's capital was already a distinctly uneasy seat. Ambassadorial mortality before Grew's appointment had been high: five Ambassadors in a decade, two within two years. By the time Grew arrived, the Manchurian incident had already spread to Shanghai. The outlook was grave and so, for once, was lighthearted Joe Grew. He wanted to be given a chance to do a good job. "If an Ambassador is to be just a messenger boy," he said, "it doesn't make much difference how long he stays in a post, but if he is to interpret the underlying aims, character and ideals of the people among whom he is living to his own country, time is important, so that he may get to the roots. Therefore I sincerely hope that I am going to be allowed to stay for a long time to come." Joe Grew is still at his post. No one else could fill it as he does. The State Department gets almost violent over unfounded rumors that he will resign.

Joe Grew has an appealing personality. All the elements of his charm are things for which the Japanese are temperamental suckers. His appearance, his love of sports and music, his romanticism, his showmanship, his humility, his aristocracy—all his ingredients taste good to the Japanese.

The Japanese love an athlete

In addition to being repressed poetically the Japanese are stunted physically. According to some students of the subject, the entire national psychology—a mass inferiority complex—arises from this fact. In any case, the Japanese stand in awe of giants and Joe Grew, who is slender, loose-limbed and stands well over 6 ft., profits accordingly. It is probably their stature, again, that makes the Japanese aspire to excel as champions. Every Japanese baby is told that some day he may be an Olympic swimmer. Joe Grew is such a sportsman that even diplomacy seems to him vaguely athletic. He once pictured diplomats crouched like alert goalkeepers ready to leap in any direction to make a save for the dear old U. S. A. Mixing sport and business, Ambassador Grew has shot pheasant with the Kaiser and gone on imperial duck hunts in Japan. He has ridden

the drag at Melton Mowbray, passed his third-class skiing test in Switzerland, and swum the Bosphorus. In Japan many of Grew's diplomatic triumphs are achieved on the fairway. His golf swing is as formless as a Fujiyama mist and he push-puts as if wielding a croquet mallet, but he claims to have played every course in Japan. In 1936 Grew offered to give a dinner for 100 people if he scored under 100 (which he has not yet done) and in 1938 he put up a cup for an annual Tokyo diplomatic tournament.

The Japanese love music. In Tokyo streets, hawkers sing their wares. Japanese jazz, a curious marriage of Western orchestration and Eastern harmonics, can be heard everywhere blaring from shop doors. The Embassy musicales are famous and Grew often spends the whole evening listening to records. He never travels without a big collection of albums and the latest portable phonograph. He and Mrs. Grew have subsidized numerous Japanese musicians. He has even composed a piece for public performance—a waltz which he spun off in Paris in Peace Conference days. Whenever the dashing young diplomat walked into the Ritz dining room, the grinning orchestra would play *La Valse Grew*.

In using his personal trump cards as he plays at diplomacy with the Japanese, Grew is animated by a single purpose: to keep the Japanese friendly. He has a deep understanding of Japanese psychology and knows that the two most successful alternate approaches are: 1) sharp but never angry criticism and 2) affectionate humility. Every time Ambassador Grew protests Japanese disregard of U. S. interests in China he is praised as a sincere man. His remarkably sharp "horse's mouth" speech outlining U. S. opinion last autumn—saying that the U. S. knew all the facts and liked none of them—shot up his personal stock. New York Times's Hugh Byas, dean of the Tokyo correspondents, said the speech unfolded like a slow-motion thunderbolt.

The more the Ambassador criticizes the Japanese, the better they like him. In some cases Grew's stern rebukes have brought Oriental love showering down on him in heavenly excess. After his complaints about the sinking of the gunboat *Panay* in 1937, 70,000,000 Japanese considered themselves personally responsible to Grew-San. They sent him telegrams, letters, gifts. A newspaper collected \$2,000 and gave it to him. A girl presented herself at the Embassy, whipped some



With his namesake and grandson, Joseph Clark Grew English, watching, the Ambassador carries on a telephone conversation. On the telephone Grew's hearing is excellent and he had no difficulty during the daily transpacific calls to and from Washington.

scissors from her kimono sleeve, cut off her lovely hair, tied it in a ceremonial knot, stuck a carnation in it, and handed it all to the Ambassador's wide-eyed secretary.

Grew's efforts to achieve humility are less spectacular than his rebukes but equally effective. So far as he is able the Ambassador cultivates the common man. Unlike most other distinguished foreigners, he often appears informally in Tokyo's crowded streets. The people recognize him. One afternoon Grew and his daughter Elizabeth ("Elsie") were walking near the Imperial Palace grounds. Suddenly his black spaniel, Sambo, disappeared. A passing taxi driver, who saw that the dog had fallen into the Palace moat, stopped his car, climbed down the ancient stone wall and rescued Sambo at considerable risk. Then he hurried off before the Ambassador could thank him. Through advertisements Grew offered the man gifts and money. When the driver was finally tracked down, it was found he was "noted for filial piety and good conduct," that he liked the Ambassador too much to want thanks for his unworthy deed.

He hates phony diplomats

Grew is a career man, in conviction as well as experience. He has the same contempt for bought ambassadorships as authors have for bought books and likes to tell about the would-be diplomat who, when asked what he knew about nitrates, shifted from foot to foot, hemmed and hawed and finally said: "Well, I *do* know they're cheaper than the day rates."

Third son of a solid old Boston banking family, Grew began his career before emerging from the nursery. Whenever he was naughty his nurse would put him in a special little chair and tell him to stay put. One day the Grews were expecting company. Just before they arrived Joe misbehaved and was sentenced to the chair. A little later when the guests were politely conversing across their teacups, Joe entered the living room clutching the chair to his backsides. This performance clearly exhibited that fine balancing of spirit and letter which is the first essential of a good ambassador.

There was not much in Grew's upbringing to suggest that anything but another successful Boston banker would come of it. He went to the proper grammar schools and spent summers at Manchester doing what Bostonians call "the usual North Shore things." Young Grew was also exposed to Sunday bird-stalkings on his grandfather's huge estate in suburban Hyde Park, piano lessons, stamp-collecting and innumerable tea parties in his family's cavernously correct house on Marlborough Street. The George Apley pattern of his childhood was continued when Joe went away to school at Groton. At Harvard, where his constant Christian striving made him too busy for enthusiastic conviviality, his trait of almost ungainly perseverance was displayed to good advantage. No athlete, he made himself a champion miler. No litterateur, he plugged his way to the presidency of the arty *Advocate* and to an editorship on the *Crimson*.

Grew's loyalty to his alma mater is impressive. Nothing could have kept him away from his university's tercentenary, at which he was a marshal, and it would take a grave crisis indeed to prevent him

Here's BEN HOGAN driving away a HEADACHE!



PINEHURST... North-South Open... Hogan, almost jinxed by a throbbing headache, takes Bromo-Seltzer... wins the tournament! Here's the story... high-speed pictures to show his famous drive, described in his own words:



1. Ben had a bad case of "tournament nerves," headache "I took Bromo-Seltzer. It eases pain, helps my nerves and stomach, too."



2. Head clear, nerves steady... Ben's famous drive. He tells how he does it: "I can hit much harder from a wide stance."



3. "I use a definite palm grip in the left hand. This gives my wrists more play and makes possible a much longer backswing."



4. "The 'tension' point... the top of the swing. Body is coiled to its maximum... left-hand grip must be very firm at this point."



5. "On downswing, hips start to unwind and weight shifts to the left. Wrists uncock to release power at impact with the ball."



6. "Club continues to full finish. It's control and timing that count—headache can be ruinous. That's why I take Bromo-Seltzer."

BROMO-SELTZER
does more for
you than a simple
pain reliever can
... helps head,
stomach, nerves

If you get headaches time after time... or if they last long... you should see your doctor.

Fortunately, however, most headaches are simple ones. They may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE. For these, Bromo-Seltzer gives you more all-round help than ordinary pain relievers can. It does all this:

1. RELIEVES PAIN—works fast, pleasantly to ease the "ache."
2. STEADIES NERVES—relaxes tension, you feel calmer.
3. SETTLES UPSET STOMACH—helps set you right again.

For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on the label. At all drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER FOR HEADACHES

KEEP UNDERARMS SWEET BATH-FRESH



NEW NONSPI CREAM FOR COOL Dry UNDERARMS

SAFE TO APPLY as often as desired. Nonspi Cream is harmless to skin or clothing.

CHECKS BOTH perspiration and odor... effectively.

SOOTHING and cool when applied. Doesn't sting or irritate—even after shaving.

DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 138 West 18th Street, New York City.



There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—at drug and department stores.



He honeymooned in Maine after his marriage in 1905 to Alice Perry, whose family gave the U. S. Navy two great brother commodores, Oliver Hazard Perry and Matthew Calbraith Perry. Grew met his future wife by accident at a party, proposed by cable.

AMBASSADOR GREW (continued)

from gluing his good ear to a short-wave radio broadcast of Harvard-Yale crew races. The Ambassador also likes to sit down with the members of his class dining club or the Fly Club and make speeches that have a great air of diplomatic confidence but actually say nothing.

There are two categories of rich male Back Bay Bostonians: those who aim to run a firm and those who aim to run away. Joe fell into the latter group. After graduation from Harvard, he persuaded his father to let him take a trip around the world, promising to return from it to a banking job. He did Europe once over lightly, then hurried on to a prearranged meeting in Singapore with two sporty classmates named Alex Wheeler and Henry Perry. With them he traveled through Malaya, India, China. What first prompted and then enabled him to enter the foreign service however were meetings with two Asiatic animals—a "flying elephant" and a Chinese tiger.

Bit by a "flying elephant"

The first of these two encounters occurred in the Johore jungle. While Grew and his companions stalked tiger, bear and deer, the "flying elephant", a species of mosquito, stalked Grew, bit him and gave him a desperate case of malaria. Four coolies carried him out to Singapore in a hammock slung from their shoulders. Sent off to Northern India to convalesce, he got only as far as Bombay before the fever returned with double intensity. In a delirium he threw books, oranges, bananas and a vase at a frequent visitor who turned out to be William Thomas Fee, the U. S. consul general. So kind was Fee and so interesting his talk of diplomatic duties that Joe decided he wanted to go into the service.

Although a mosquito gave Grew his ambition, it was the cat that got him his job. After some sightseeing in India and some hunting in Balistan, where he shot six ibex, two markhor, two sharps and two black bear, Grew went to Amoy, China, to shoot tiger. Assisted by a flock of excitable Chinese armed with sharp-pronged tridents, he drove a big fellow into a cave, crawled in after it on his belly, lay regarding it for five minutes with his face 4 ft. away from the tiger's. Grew then fired three shots. The tiger flopped about and died.

Home in Boston, Joe passed the time waiting for a chance to get into the diplomatic service by expanding the diary of his trip into a book. President Theodore Roosevelt in those days was casting about for all the dope he could get on big-game hunting. One day one of Joe's Tennis Club friends, Alford Cooley, then Assistant Attorney General, proposed Joe Grew's name for a diplomatic post. T. R. roared: "Bah! We want none of those silk-stockinged Bostonians." Cooley put Joe's manuscript in T. R.'s hands with the comment that it was pretty spicy reading.

T. R. thought it was bully, and called Joe in for a talk. Before long T. R. had not only given Joe an appointment (as clerk to the consul general in Cairo) but had also written a foreword for the bluff youngster's *Sport and Travel in the Far East*: "I cannot imagine a more thrilling or sportsmanlike experience than that of your crawling through the narrow rock passages and shooting the tiger in its cavern lair not four feet from you... It is a fine thing to have a member of our diplomatic service able both to do what you have done and to write about it as well and as interestingly."

The pelt of the tiger adorned successive Grew library floors "with an expression of such ferocity as to seem scarcely true to life" until

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

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A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

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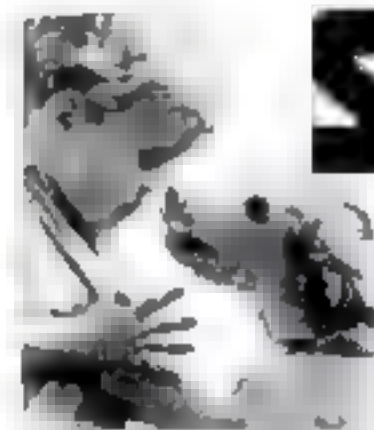
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—And You'll
Jump Out of Bed
in the Morning
Rarin' to Go



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GATOR ROACH HIVES



This is the tiger that helped give Grew his start in the diplomatic service. In 1904 Grew crawled into a cave in China after this 10-ft. beast and shot him from 4 ft. away. Theodore Roosevelt read Grew's story of the feat and helped him get a job.

Mrs. Grew decided it was too awful and had it sent away. Today it reposes in a Washington cold-storage house, an obscure memorial to an outworn system of political appointment.

Mrs. Grew's distaste for the tiger's angry face was typical. She is a gentle, fastidious product of better Boston, and indecent exposure of emotion whether in men or tigers does not appeal to her. For this reason she is a perfect diplomat's wife, cool, gracious, perfectly poised, easily adaptable to international passions. The way Joe Grew happened to marry her was characteristic of his life of accident and impulse.

He meets his future wife by mistake

Shortly after his return to Boston by way of Spain, he attended a party at which he asked to be introduced to a Miss Maya Lindley, also just home from Japan. By mistake he was presented to Alice de Vermandois Perry. Alice turned out to be fascinating in her own right. Not only had she, too, been in Japan but she was a great-grandniece of dauntless old Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, who opened Japan in the first place. Joe began courting her.

He found his Cairo job—checking hides at \$600 a year—anything but romantic. He supplied the lack by pining for Alice and finally by cabling a proposal. She accepted. He hurried to Boston. On Oct. 7, 1905, a few hours before the wedding, Alice's father gravely drew Joe into his dining room, threw open a window and said: "This is your last chance to escape. I won't tell anyone." But Joe, who had been cool 4 ft. from a tiger, went through with it.

The diplomatic ladder up which Grew has climbed is remarkable principally for the pregnancy of the times during which he hit the various rungs. After Cairo, he had short shifts as third secretary in Mexico City, third secretary to the Embassy in St. Petersburg, second secretary in Berlin, secretary in Vienna. In 1914, as war clouds gathered, he was sent back to Berlin. Shortly after war broke he was made counselor to ebullient, erratic Ambassador James Gerard. During a critical three months, when the campaign of unrestricted submarine warfare burst out, he was chargé d'affaires. He was one of the last Americans to leave Berlin and later Vienna.

In the last winter of the war he was in Washington as Chief of the Western European Division of the State Department. He was chosen to go to Europe with Colonel House for the pre-Armistice peace negotiations. So secret were preparations for this trip that his wife and children, then at their summer home in Hancock, N. H., knew nothing of his plans until he landed on the other side of the Atlantic. After the Armistice he was jumped to the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary and was appointed American secretary of the Delegation to the Peace Conference.

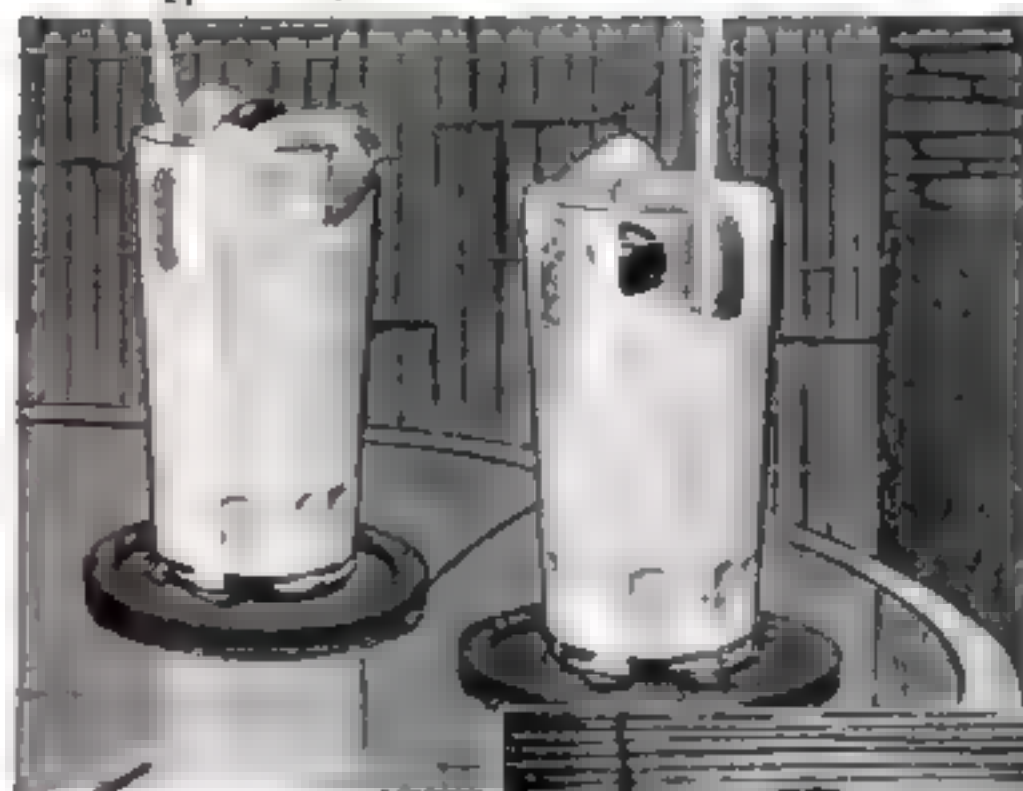
The Grew travels read like a Thomas Cook pamphlet. His long-suffering wife has set up house in 20 cities and his children and grandchildren were born, chronologically, in Bern, New York, Tokyo, Paris, Peking and Ottawa. Grew has used every known conveyance from ricksha to airplane. He has traveled on the biggest luxury liners and on a boat whose passenger list read: "Mr. Grew and 93 Chinese."

The final step-up in his rank came in 1927 when he went to Turkey as Ambassador at \$17,500 a year. The post was a quiet and pleasant one in which Grew's main job was to make friends with Mustafa Kemal. This he did superbly, partly by losing to his host in all night poker games. Grew also astonished the Turks by swimming the Bosphorus. Thereupon his daughter Anita, dissatisfied with the route taken by her father, had to

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

OLD MR. BOSTON SAYS:

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Tempting New Tang
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'17 Flavors in One!'"



"WHAT A DIFFERENCE THERE IS in Old Mr. Boston Dry Gin! You cannot see this difference... but ah, in a Collins you can taste it in every sip. My gin's 17 flavors in one! give your Collins a tempting new tang and zest—a distinguished personality that it never had before!"

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MORE!'



IT'S A WOW
FOR FLAVOR!

THIS CREAMY, DIFFERENT
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Coolidge made him Undersecretary of State in 1924, which was one of the two times in his long career that Grew has worked in the U. S. Since that time he has clipped his mustache but his fondness for pipes, dogs, good food, hunting and golf remains.

AMBASSADOR GREW (continued)

do it from end to end, 18 miles in 5½ hours. The Ambassador followed in his motor launch, feeding her hot chocolate, playing a phonograph to help her rhythm, occasionally diving in and swimming beside her.

Making an asset of deafness

Grew has even made an asset of his only physical liability: deafness in his left ear. The affliction dates back to a case of scarlet fever when he was a small boy. When crotchety Harvard Professor Archibald Coolidge gummed Grew's first diplomatic appointment with the cryptic comment, "Deaf," it threw Joe into such despair that he almost committed suicide, but he has since learned the sweeter uses of his adversity. It gives him the cocked, alert expression of a well-trained setter. He has never worn hearing appliances, for he well knows the advantages of not being able to hear ill-considered statements—or better yet, pretending not to. Angry words, if they must be repeated to a deaf person, sound preposterously funny. He is conscious, too, of the humor of affliction. When he was the U. S. representative at the Lausanne Conference on Near Eastern Affairs, 1922-23, Grew used to retire into corners with the Turkish Foreign Minister, Ismet Pasha, who was also deaf, and the pair would exchange confidential views in very loud French.

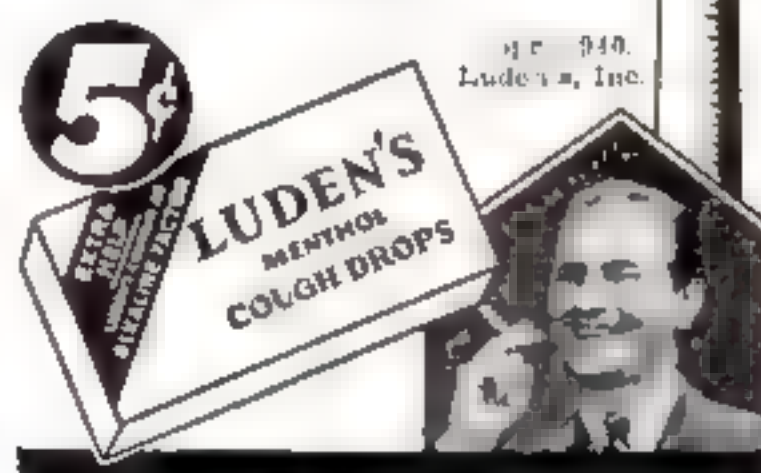
No one knows exactly how deaf the Ambassador is. Several years ago, when Manuel Quezon was newly elected President of the Philippines, the Imperial Household planned an informal reception in Quezon's honor. Since the Japanese want an Orient for the Orientals, President Quezon was put at the Emperor's right, Ambassador Grew at his left. Before the guests sat down, one of the Ambassador's aides pointed out the blunder in precedent. The Emperor's stewards explained that it was done so that the Emperor's words would enter Mr. Grew's good ear. Told of this, Grew said: "Nonsense! Any time the Son of Heaven speaks to me, I can hear what he says."

For better or for worse, the courtly tradition still obtains in diplomacy. The Japanese are huge little snobs, and Grew's respectable upbringing as well as his regard for outward forms impresses them. Without being pompous, the Ambassador likes a little show. The Tokyo Embassy is haunted by little servants in formal black kimonos crested with white eagles. In a country of confirmed bowers, these servants carry bowing to such an extreme that, according to one Tokyo newspaperman, it hurts their backs to stand straight.

Grew is a family man in the Puritan tradition and in a land where family and ancestry are the fetishes of a religion (Shinto), this is to his advantage. It is a matter of great pride to the Ambassador that his three surviving daughters are carrying on the Service tradition—Lilla as the wife of J. Pierrepont Moffat, U. S. Minister to Canada, Anita as wife of Robert English, embassy secretary in Canada; and Elizabeth as wife of Cecil Burton Lyon, embassy secretary in Chile. Mrs. Grew is today nearly as pretty as when her husband married her. She remains a trifle more Bostonian than he, looks a little prim as she serves tea from the imposing silver service the citizens of Boston gave her great-grandfather, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, for winning the Battle of Lake Erie. She fits well into the Japanese post: dabbles in Japanese flower arrangements, patronizes Japanese musicians, even accommodates herself to the Japanese view of woman's position. In Japan women seldom go out and when

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they do it is usually to pitter-patter through the streets like little tenders in the wake of their husbands, who swagger like rolling dreadnoughts.

With upper-class Japanese, the Ambassador is gracious and intimate. He sincerely loves many of them. On the night of Feb. 25, 1936, the Ambassador invited about 40 guests to dinner—among them his dear friend Admiral Makoto Saito, Lord Keeper of the Sacred Privy Seal. Well aware of Admiral Saito's fondness for U. S. films, he arranged a showing of *Naughty Marietta*. All through the picture the Admiral clucked and murmured his pleasure and when it was all over could not thank the Ambassador enough. A few hours later, in his private residence, Admiral Saito fell at the hands of one of the famous assassins of the Feb. 26 revolt. Ambassador Grew hurried around to the house. What Saito's widow said made him do something he has very seldom done—cry. "Thank you," she said, "for making my husband's last evening on this earth such a happy one."

Unlike the U. S. Ambassadors to certain European capitals, Joe Grew is not given to speaking out of turn. But Grew speaks quickly when he has to. "A prompt answer turneth away wrath," he says. Japanese thought processes, though not necessarily logical, are deliberate; therefore speed dazzles and pleases them. When the *Panay* was sunk, the Japanese thought the Ambassador had occult powers on his side, so prompt was his *démarche*.

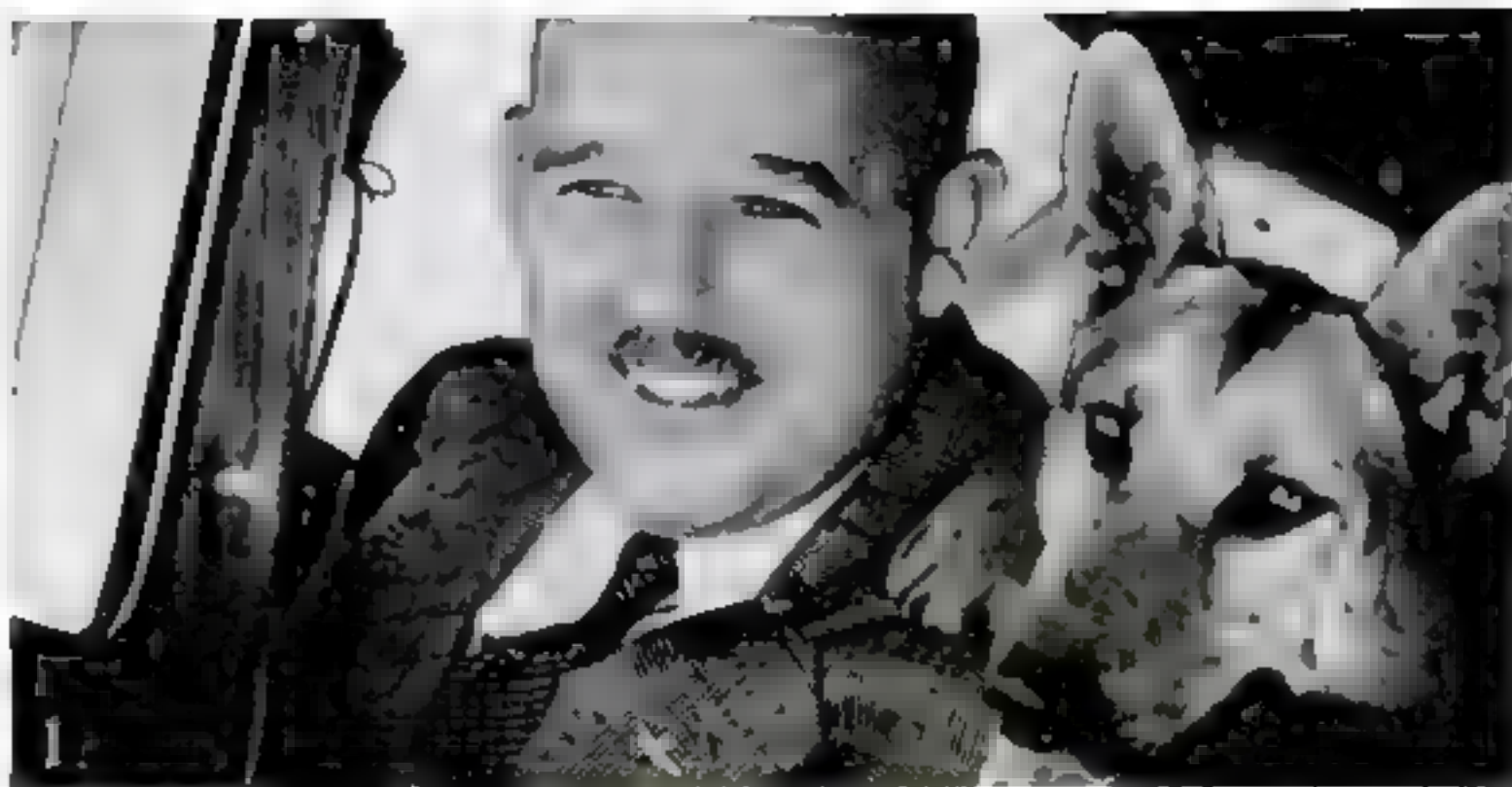
No less important than an ambassador's ability to deal with the Government to which he has been assigned is his ability to get along with the Government that assigned him there. Grew is one Hoover appointee who can get along fine with Franklin Roosevelt—partly perhaps because both got their education from the top of the same bottle and are fellow members of Harvard's Fly Club. Last week in Tokyo Joe Grew proposed a Fourth of July toast to a third term. Grew, like the President, has the common touch and rarely loses a chance to display it. In one recent speech he rang in "travelers in the smoking compartments . . . stewards in airplanes . . . men and women behind the counters . . . attendants at gasoline stations . . . the factory hand, the servant in the house, the taxi driver in the street . . . my chiropodist . . . a farmer in the small New England village where we live . . ."

Whether or not the ground that Joseph Grew has so carefully spaded over will grow anything depends partly on the pressure of world events, partly on how far the U. S. public will be willing to drift from its moral convictions toward its main chance. But mostly it depends on the Administration.

An Ambassador is not so much a maker as an executor of policy. He makes policy only insofar as his reports guide the State Department and the President in their plans. As of last week, many of the influential men in the State Department were coming around to the view that a dynamic appeasement that gets something for the U. S. and helps China at the same time may be worth trying. But Washington gossip suggested that the President was still firmly opposed to what he thinks would be a Far Eastern Munich.

Ambassador Grew did not even have much luck last summer selling the President on the idea that friendly relations with Japan are possible. The difference between these two old Grotonians is that Grew still operates on the principle that a gentleman can always get the better of a tough guy by continuing to act as a gentleman, while Roosevelt believes there are times when a gentleman needs to get tough himself. Grew once stated his conviction that if the U. S. kept its shirt on, power in Japan would eventually revert from military adventurers to worthy friends of the U. S. Said His Excellency the President to His Excellency the Ambassador, Frank to Joe: "You know, Joe, the only trouble with you is you're too darn nice."

Feeling like a patriarch, Grew poses with his family. Left to right: Mrs. Cecil Lyon, Mrs. Grew, Lilla Cabot Lyon, Edith Moffat, Joseph Clark Grew English, Mrs. J. Pierrepont Moffat, Peter Moffat, Anne English, Mrs. Robert English, Alice Lyon.



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WITH DECKS AWASH, "SCOTSTOUN" GUN CREWS CONTINUED FIRING ON TWO U-BOATS. SURVIVORS THINK THEY SANK ONE

THE "SCOTSTOUN'S" LAST FIGHT

Among the ships of Britain's North Atlantic Patrol until June 13 was the 17,000-ton onetime Anchor liner *Caledonia*, armed with 6-in. guns, packed with empty barrels to give her extra buoyancy and renamed the *Scotstoun*. At 6:18 a. m. on June 13 the *Scotstoun* was struck under the stern by a torpedo which crippled her. At 6:48 she was hit amidships by two more torpedoes that blew up a magazine. At 7:18 she sank. During that hour her gunners fought their hidden U-boat adversaries till her guns were submerged and her captain, O. K. Smyth, gave orders to abandon the sinking ship.

By amazing good luck and good work, the *Scotstoun's* whole complement of 350 except two officers and four ratings (seamen) was saved. LIFE herewith presents the story of the *Scotstoun's* last fight and her sinking as told by two survivors. The first is Chief Petty Officer Frederick George Bishop who as the doctor's first assistant was stationed in "sick bay" (hospital on naval vessels) and saw what happened below decks. The second is Signaller Ronald Gold who saw the action from the bridge.

by FREDERICK GEORGE BISHOP



FREDERICK BISHOP

I was already awake when the first torpedo struck. It was a stunning, sickening sensation and the ship seemed to jolt to a standstill just as if she had run up against a cushiony wall. The shock flung me out of my bunk. While I was picking myself up, my ears still ringing with the explosion, the alarm buzzers started.

I heard afterward that this first torpedo had shattered the steering gear and screws, rendering the ship helpless. It had also ripped open the afterhold, throwing most of the buoyancy cargo out into the sea, and had wrecked the wireless aerial. The ship was settling by the stern.

I went at once to my action station in the sick bay two decks below, saw the attendants assembled and started laying out morphia syringes and bandages, collecting surgical instruments and stripping the operating tables for the arrival of the doctor.

Of course I didn't know what had happened except that it was something serious, because after a colossal din the engines had stopped and we were rolling so heavily it was hard to keep on one's feet. I remember thinking it would be a tough job for us all when the casualties started to come. But I kept busy on the routine jobs of preparation because that helped to keep one's mind off wondering what was happening upstairs.

All the same, it was a relief when I heard the guns start thundering and knew that, whatever it was, we were hitting back. The doctor came in just then and greeted us with a grin and a quick approving nod at what we had done. He had been this ship's doctor in peacetime, by the way—a young Scotsman named Burns and as cool a customer as I have ever known.

It seemed only about ten minutes had gone by (afterward I knew it was nearly half an hour but it's amazing

how quickly time passes when you are concentrating like we were) and I was having a last check-over when I noticed that the instrument dishes were not big enough for my liking. I remembered that I had a very big developing tray up in my cabin (I go in a bit for photography in my spare time). Going across to the doctor and bawling above the noise of the gunfire, I asked permission to go up and get it. I reached my cabin and had just got my hands on the tray when the second explosion occurred. That was the two torpedoes blowing up the magazine near the sick bay.

It was the most terrific bang I have ever heard in my life and it knocked me out for a moment. I came to, lying on the floor in total darkness because all the lights had gone out. The sudden list the ship had taken had slid me up against a wall but strangely enough I was still clutching the developer tray.

Groping, I found the door and got it open. Volumes of smoke and cordite fumes blew in. Still groping along in the blackness and leaning sideways against the list, I found my way along the alleyways down towards the sick bay. I thought: "What's the use, they must all be gone now and the ship's going too." But of course your action station is your action station until relieved or ordered away. And the guns overhead were still thudding away.

There was one bad moment at the last companionway down. I put my foot out from the top step and there was nothing there. Luckily I was holding the handrail. Pulling myself together I went round another way and got into the dispensary and there, like an absolute miracle, were the others, the doctor holding a torchlight. Apparently they had followed the doctor into the dispensary to carry out some more materials when the explosion took place. The ambulatory (dressing center) where they had stood a few minutes before was now a gaping hole right down to the interior of the ship. Everything had vanished—floor, tables and all—and you could see the sky through the blown deck tiers above.

Following the doctor's torch, we made our way up to the main promenade deck and there learned that the order had been given to take to the boats. The ship was now leaning right over with the edge of the main decks awash. With my sick

bay party I went forward toward my boat station but very slowly in case there were wounded to be picked up and attended to among the wreckage.

We passed gun crew after gun crew still at it and up to their waists in water. A lot were stripped down to pants and shirt in case they might soon have to swim for it. But they grinned at us as we passed. Looking out over the sea toward the great plumes raised by our shells, I noticed it was covered with floating barrels that had been blown out from the ship's insides. As we passed the last gun crew I actually heard them singing above the noise of the firing, bawling *Roll Out the Barrel* as they were passing the shells and ramming them home.

Then I got to my boat station and found the boat already in the water and nearly full. Sliding down the falls—a tricky business because in the swells the boat was up one minute and down the next—I got in and we pushed away from the sinking ship. In the boat, I am not ashamed to say, I passed out for a bit. But a lot of us were pretty well done in and were lying about across the thwarts. And some were sick because of the wild motion of the boat after the ship. The shock and strain of the past hour helped. And hunger. None of us had had food since supper the night before.

by RONALD GOLD



RONALD GOLD

I reported to the "killick" (Navy slang for petty officer, so-called from the anchor, or killick, he wears as sleeve badge) and got my orders to run up as many ensigns as I could. Getting up an ensign on each available mast is always a first step when a warship goes into action. The ensign goes up and stays up till the ship goes down. We got as many up as we can in case some get shot away. I managed to get three ensigns hoisted on the foremast, mainmast and on the gaff aft. It wasn't easy because the wireless aerial was in a tangle on the decks and the after-

mast was leaning over all askewwhiff as a result of the first torpedo's unseating it from its housing.

That job done, I decided to get back to my cabin for my trousers because the wind was pretty cold and the list would still enable me to get there. Then I reported back to the bridge. From the bridge and in between my jobs I had a good view of the action spot, and from the other signalman I learned a lot about the beginning of it.

Nobody seemed to have spotted the source of the attack before the first torpedo struck. Then two ocean-going U-boats were discovered far out on the starboard quarter, their periscopes barely feathering the sea spume that overlaid the heavy swell. The alarm sounded immediately on the klaxons and a few minutes later our 8-in. and stern high-angle guns began their uproar. The ship lay wallowing in the trough of the swells—a wide-open target—and torpedo after torpedo came at her from the hidden submarines which, however, were kept at a distance by the gun barrage. The gun crews could see the torpedoes coming at them and could even glimpse the colored ring-markings on their war heads as they skimmed through the wave tops. So throughout the action one of the stern high-angle guns, depressed to its lowest point, was actually firing at the torpedoes and diverted several from their course. I myself observed at least six bounce out of the water and go speeding harmlessly past the ship.

I saw the marvelous high-angle gun on the stern hard at it pumping shot in front of the torpedo wakes which were coming at us now and again. I distinctly saw one coming toward the beam and held my breath till it



OFFICERS PUSHED CAPTAIN SMYTH FROM "SCOTSTOUN'S" SLOPING BRIDGE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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"Scotstoun" (continued)

suddenly swerved and hurtled past, all glinting silver. And I saw something else. Just as I got to the bridge I saw a radio operator coming down from the broken aftermast. Somehow he had managed to climb up that mast and re-rig the aerial and now he was racing toward the wireless cabin. I learned afterward that within three minutes of reaching the radio room he had managed to get a code message over. Those three minutes helped to save us because a minute later the two last torpedoes hit us, wrecking the wireless apparatus and the aerial—for good this time.

The next minutes are a bit of a blank, with the ship going over farther the whole time. But I remember watching the water creep up round one of the gun crews hard at work on a 6-inch. First knee deep, then waist deep in water, they held the shells high above their heads as they fed their gun. Then as the increasing angle of the sinking ship put the gun out of action they went and helped out at another.

It's not my job to dish out praise but I thought those men were great. All of them had seen the wrecked wireless aerial and knew that they had little hope of assistance or rescue (they didn't know that, due to our radio operator's work, a message had got through). They were hundreds of miles away from the steamship lanes and over a week's boat journey away from the nearest land. British warships were unlikely to visit the area and the relief vessel on this beat was not due for a long time. But they kept on.

Then, as gun after gun was submerged, the order came: "Abandon ship."

I saw the captain come out of the control tower and stalk down the starboard wing of the bridge and stare along the side. He was hatless, his white hair blowing about in the wind. We waited but we weren't surprised when he half turned around and said over his shoulder: "Take to the boats." The message was passed on and one after another the gun crews went to their boat stations or slid over the side onto rafts.

But the stern high-angle gun kept on to the end with the corpses of two of its crew who had been killed during the first explosion washing about in the waves at its base. At length that stopped and survivors climbed up the steeply sloping deck and joined the captain, the doctor, the chief gunnery instructor and the rest of us on the bridge.

The "killick" came out with the confidential code books and handed some to me. It was his responsibility to see that these books went to the bottom. Before I left the bridge I heard the captain say to the other officers: "Well, I don't think we have done so badly, gentlemen. We've still got three ensigns up and the guns going to the last."

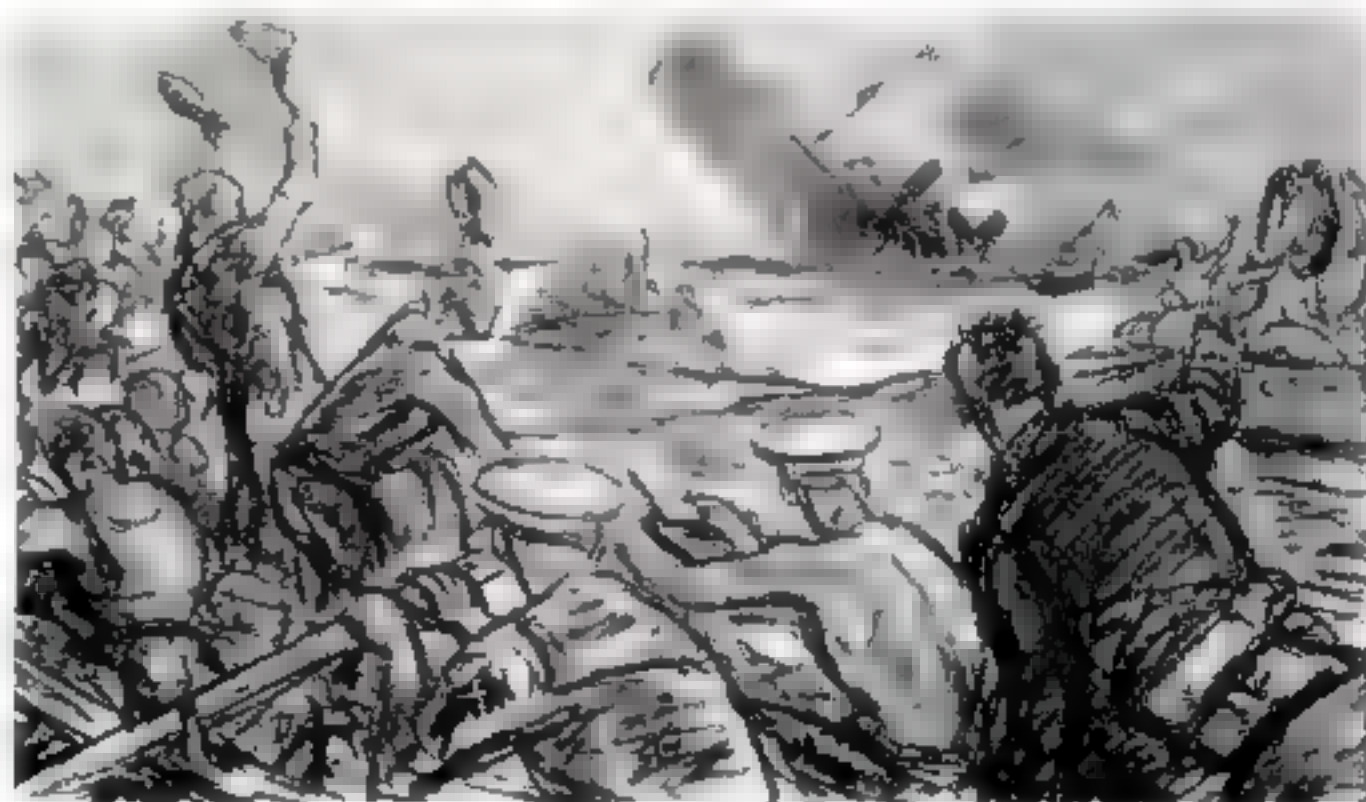
From my boat I saw the captain holding grimly onto the bridge rail and heard him order the other officers over the side. But at a nod from the first lieutenant the little group seized him by the arms and plunged with him down the sloping bridge and into the water where a boat picked them up.

Some of the men were singing as we pulled away to watch the *Scotstoun* go down. It's a funny feeling to see a ship you've lived in go like that. Like part of yourself going down. She reared her bow up very slowly and started down very gently. The lieutenant in my boat stood up and called for three cheers for her. Those who could stand up cheered and I could hear those in the other boats and rafts do the same. Then she was gone.

The lieutenant in my boat who was the ship's navigator gave orders to hoist sail and a few minutes later I heard the captain's boat hailing us asking our position. I heard it given and then the captain's voice saying: "In other words, we steer east."

We went on in an empty sea with the weather getting worse. All of us were drenched to the skin but just after midday a Coastal Command plane appeared, circled over us twice and then flashed with his Aldis lamp: "Cheer up, there's a destroyer coming."

It arrived, belting over the horizon and I have never seen anything so neat and quick as the way it got us aboard. Rope ends came down and the sailors simply yanked us on deck like fish. The captain was one of the first there and he stood near the rail, still wet and bareheaded, to greet each of us with a word as we boarded. "Glad to see you, Gold," he said to me. The rest was just dry clothes and hot drinks on the way home. And sleep.



MEN IN LIFEBOATS CHEERED THE "SCOTSTOUN" ROUNDLY AS SHE SANK

The Editors of

LIFE *and* TIME

present

“THE Ramparts We Watch”

First Full-length Motion Picture Feature

produced by

the staff of THE MARCH OF TIME

Released by



“May they



hold the ramparts ...until kingdom come!"

... So rings the toast of the old Congressman in "THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH," as he welcomes the first New Year of peace to follow World War I.

In toasting "generations yet to come," he challenges directly today's generations of Americans who are now going forward to meet perhaps the greatest crisis in our history.



An immigrant's family is shattered by the Old World's War

"THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH" is dramatic entertainment. But it is far more than

that. It is a tonic, a stimulant to intelligence and courage, that is desperately needed in these times when fear of the future could undermine our strength and resolution.

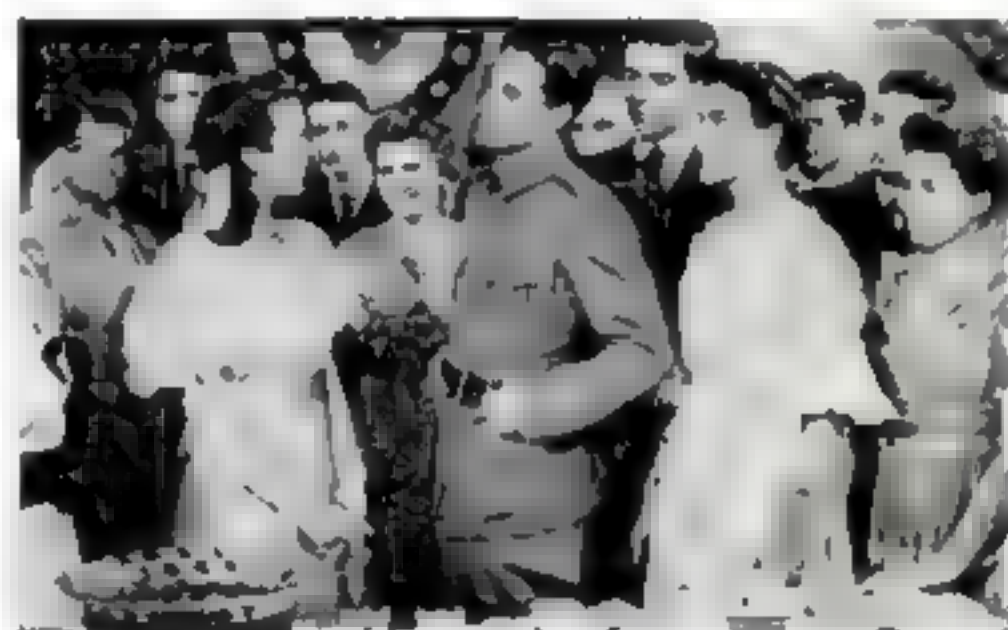
It is a film that helps to clarify what lies ahead of us by making clear what has gone before. It reveals much of what is behind the present dilemma of our democracy. It straightens out some important misconceptions in American history.

"THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH" is in effect a fusion of the infinite talents of the motion picture's art and the incisive penetration of modern journalism.

It has a story unlike any you have ever seen on the screen before—a story of typical American people, like yourself and all of us, living through the fateful years that began in 1914. Produced by THE MARCH OF TIME, it is a full-length feature played by a cast of more than 1400, including 73 important speaking

characters who re-live those years for you.

But most important, in "THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH" you will see enlightening clues to America's destiny—to the road America faces today in this grave, new world.



A Lafayette Escadrille hero returns to a still-neutral America

That is why we, the Editors of LIFE and TIME and THE MARCH OF TIME, invite you to see "THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH"—as a great and inspiring American experience!

"THE Ramparts We Watch"



A NEW KIND OF FEATURE PICTURE... PRODUCED BY THE STAFF OF THE MARCH OF TIME



In the ghostly cave where Tom and Becky were lost, Dick McCain and his sister Carol pretend they are lost also. Amidst shining stalactites and squeaking bats, they fancy that

they have only one candle between them and perpetual darkness. In the gloom they can almost see the sinister figure of Injun Joe as he bides his gold and ponders his murders.

Life plays the Tom Sawyer Game

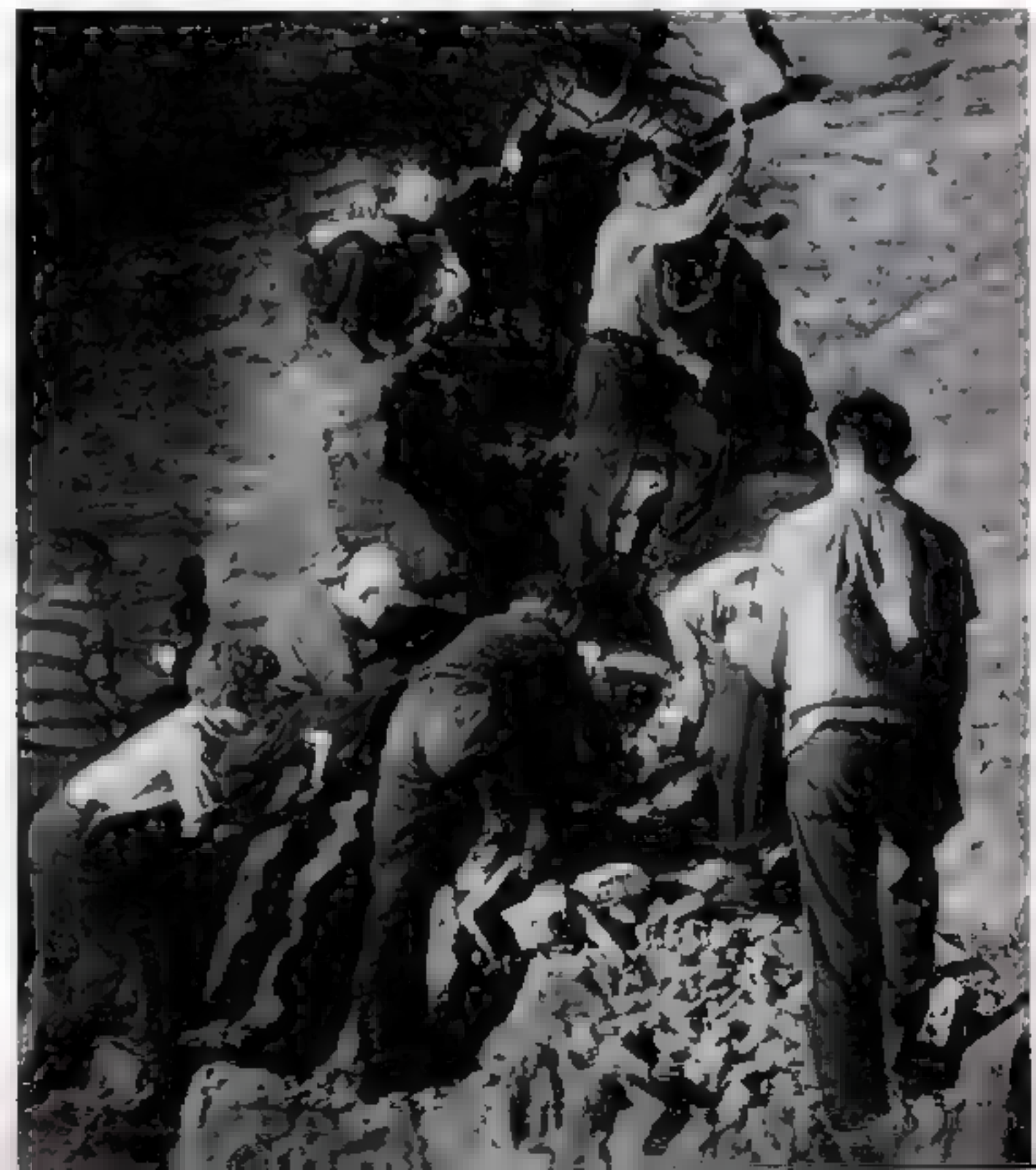
**The imaginative kids of Hannibal, Mo. act out
the exciting adventures of Mark Twain's boy hero**

Tom and Becky wander, half fascinated, half frightened. They find that the once-deep springs and subterranean lakes are dry, that old initials, smoked on the walls, still remain.

Hannibal, Mo. is Mark Twain's home town. There on the upper reaches of the Mississippi, where the river boats still chug past at night and the kids build rafts to explore the mysteries of Jackson's Island and McDougal's Cave, the spell of the Tom Sawyer legend hangs heavy over the land. In the summer in particular, when vacations bring long, restless days, the children of Hannibal dream of the exciting adventures of Tom and Becky, of Joe Harper and Injun Joe, and especially of Huckleberry Finn, that pariah of the village who never had to go to church or wear clean clothes or wash his face, but who could spend all his livelong day swearing and smoking, swimming and fishing.

Each year there are some kids in Hannibal, more imaginative or more enthusiastic than the rest, who try to make their Tom Sawyer dreams come true. They reenact legend in some of the exact localities mentioned by Mark Twain. When LIFE Photographer Hart Preston visited Hannibal a short time ago he found such a game in progress, snapped it in all its unsophisticated and youthful fantasy.

Like Tom and Huck, the boys of Hannibal dig for buried treasure. Unlike Tom and Huck, who found \$12,000 in gold and thereafter got \$1 apiece every day in interest, they got nothing.





In graveyard described as "the old-fashioned Western kind," with weeds growing over the tottering old tombstones, Tom (Dick McCann) and Huck (Joe McMahon) imagine they are watching Injun Joe kill young Dr. Robinson. In the low wind in the trees can be heard groans of the lying men mixed with the complaining spirits of the dead.

Terrified by murder, Tom and Huck breathlessly race off through the gloom of the graveyard toward the old tannery. Now and then they glance around to see if Injun Joe is following them. After escaping, Tom and Huck sign a pledge not to repeat what they have seen or heard. The boys' mothers do not like this part of the story.



TAN with Gaby

• Painful sunburn and blistering is old fashioned! Spread GABY over the exposed parts of your skin and you have invisible, yet dependable protection against harmful sun rays. Gaby is so pleasant and easy to use... it is not a messy oil or grease... it has no alcohol, and will not stain. Get a bottle now, and tan without burning!

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GREASELESS SUNTAN LOTION

Try GABY GREASELESS HAND LOTION Soon!

I keep
up-to-date
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Life
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SLIGHTLY HIGHER
OUTSIDE U.S.A.

The brassiere you're now wearing may be out of date—for fashions in figures change with dress styles. You can't be charming in 1940 and look like a belle of "way back in 1939 A. D." So I choose Life bras, created for 1940 styles, and I keep a complete bra wardrobe—Sports-Life, Day-Life and Night-Life—for every occasion. At your favorite shop or corset department.

\$1.25 \$1.75 \$2.50 \$3.50

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Tom Sawyer Game (continued)



Tom sneaks down from his window when Huck "meows" in alley. In the book, Tom sneaked out at midnight. This is the house in which Mark Twain lived in Hannibal.



Tom whitewashes the fence while Ben Rogers (Jack Sargent) ridicules him. Today's Tom Sawyers have more trouble getting others to do their whitewashing for them.



On the shores of Jackson's Island, gang finds old pieces of driftwood with which to build raft. It was on this island that Tom, Huck and Joe Harper hid for five days.



Out into the river floats raft. The pirate flag is Huck's shirt. From the island Tom, Huck and Joe attended their own funeral but these boys have never re-enacted that.



A huge Mississippi river catfish is caught by the boys to be broiled over a campfire. Their raft proved impractical so they borrowed this battered old John-boat.



"Whooping and prancing out on the bar," they "came up blowing, spluttering, laughing, and gasping for breath," says Twain, describing a swim boys had off the island.



Men are so Impressed when your skin has this Fragrance They Love

The costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its appealing fragrance, is the dainty way to combat body staleness.

HERE'S a guide to glamor that smart girls never ignore. Always give a man credit for noticing more than he seems to. That's why you must be mighty careful of the fragrance that bath soap leaves on your skin.

Lucky for you, there's a more delicate, a more feminine way to bathe away body odor. Women adore it, because this enchantingly scented soap is in tune with the rest of your make-up.

Instinctively, you prefer this costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body staleness.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight! Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢

If heavier fine soaps are sold



Enhance your allure with these complementary Cashmere Bouquet beauty aids: Cashmere Bouquet Cleansing Cream... Face Powder... Lotion... Talc Powder... Lipstick

KIDS GET LITTLE CUTS WHEN THEY PLAY ON BEACHES. FOR ANY LITTLE CUT THAT NEEDS BANDAGING---



USE A READY-MADE BAND-AID (AFTER TREATING THE CUT PROPERLY) NO FUSSING WITH AWKWARD, HOME-MADE BANDAGES.

BAND-AID IS NEAT AND CONVENIENT. JUST STICK ONE ON--IT STAYS ON--EVEN ON HARD-TO-BANDAGE PLACES. KEEP A BOX HANDY FOR MINOR CUTS, BURNS & BLISTERS. 19¢ FOR 36 ASSORTED SIZES.




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ADHESIVE BANDAGES

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WITH
AO POLAROID
Day Glasses

The only sun glasses that shut out reflected glare!

There are new thrills waiting for your eyes if you have never seen the outdoor world through AO Polaroid Day Glasses! For the first time, you will see a sunlit view of the road, beach or water without blurring, tiring, reflected glare. Details will stand out as never before!

No other sun glasses have the sensational Polaroid light control film that actually shuts out dazzling reflected glare, instead of dimming glare and view. See the difference... shown by unique demonstrator where AO Polaroid Day Glasses are sold in attractive styles.




ORDINARY SUN GLASSES
Blinding road glare hides details

POLAROID FILM
in the double glass lenses shuts out reflected glare

POLAROID DAY GLASSES
Glare gone driving is safer, comfortable

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
SOUTHBRIDGE, MASS., World's Largest Makers of Ophthalmic Products

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

THE BROTHERS JONES

Sirs:

These are the eight Jones boys lined up in the same order for family photographs taken 40 years apart. All eight were born

near here and four still live near here. Two are doctors, five are farmers and one is a citrus grower. They have four sisters, all living, and a 93-year-old mother.

SIMON M. SCHWARTZ
Berne, Ind.



GENERALISSIMO

Sirs:

For 10 years William Matthews of Portland has been collecting toy soldiers. He now has 40,000 of them in his private playroom army. Their uniforms range from the Napoleonic era to modern times. Some are cut in back, some on foot

some lie dead wounded or in a falling position. With these toy soldiers he can reenact almost any part of a battle scene. He keeps them in his playroom at 1111 1/2 Street, N.E., Portland, Ore. He has been collecting them since 1900 in Walcott, an island off England.

PARRIS E. EMERY
Portland, Ore.



WOMANLY WARRIORS

First:

At a time when the women of Britain are doing their share and America is embarking upon a vast rearmament program with talk of some form of universal train-

ing for girls as well as boys, I submit these World War pictures of American women in wartime to show the girls of today how their mothers looked yesterday.

MAX PETER HAAS

New York, N.Y.



WALL STREET STENOGRAPHERS LEARN HOW TO FIRE GUN DURING LUNCHTIME



"BATTALION OF DEATH" OF LOWELL, MASS. WORE HAPHAZARD UNIFORMS



IN AN AIRPLANE FACTORY GIRLS WORKED ON THE FUSELAGES OF FIGHTERS

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Hey Mom!.. better get Delsey today!



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Soft like Kleenex

3 ROLLS FOR 25¢... DOUBLE-PLY FOR EXTRA STRENGTH

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IRON HORSES NEED STEEL DRIVERS



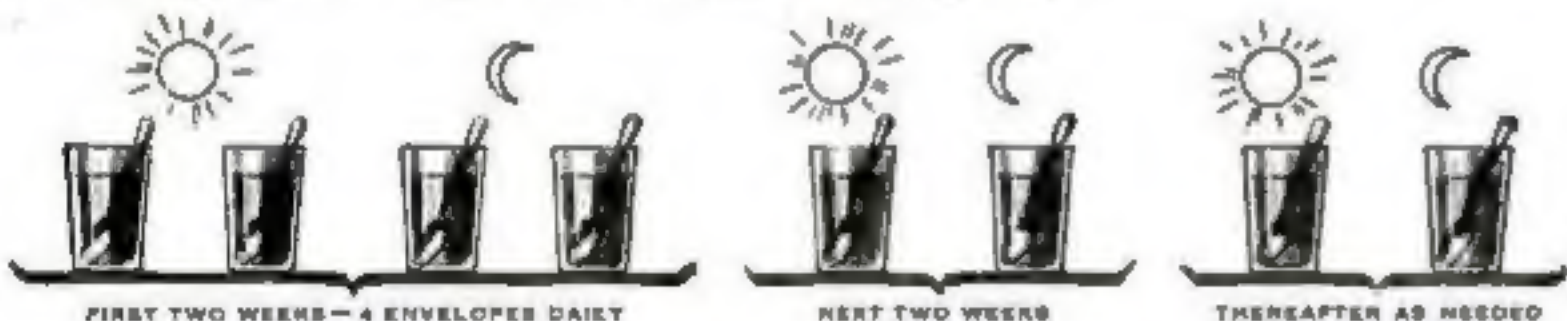
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS can't make mistakes. Not when the lives of passengers or thousands of dollars worth of freight are in the hands that hold the throttle! Such responsibilities wear men down. 12 engineers volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days. All were on fast night runs; all from 48 to 64 years of age. Here are the results.*



9 GET DEFINITE RESULTS! Of the 10 engineers completing the Knox Gelatine 28-day test, 9 reported tiredness was definitely cut down for them! More specifically: 4 of them said decidedly less tired; 5 moderately benefited by drinking Knox Gelatine.



KNOX REDUCED TIREDNESS for 9 out of 10 men and women. 14 occupational groups, including hundreds of business people, painters, electricians, housewives, truck drivers, nurses, school teachers, volunteered to drink Knox for 28 days.* 9 out of 10 persons completing the test reported they definitely noticed greater endurance...less fatigue when they drank Knox Gelatine regularly!



TIRED? DRINK KNOX! Try building up your endurance this simple way. First 2 weeks: drink 4 envelopes of Knox daily...two in morning, two at night. Second 2 weeks: drink 2 envelopes...one in morning, one at night. After that, drink as required.

THE SECRET is to drink Knox Gelatine regularly. And don't forget. Cost? Little more than a pack of cigarettes a day.

BE SURE to drink plain, unflavored Knox Gelatine (U.S.P.)...the same gelatine used for over 50 years for desserts and salads. Knox is the only gelatine used in these tests to prove increased endurance. Sealed in sanitary envelopes, protected until you use them.

*All tests conducted by a qualified research organization.

BEAT TIREDNESS! DRINK KNOX GELATINE



PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

BIRTH OF A BUTTERFLY

Sirs:

After two years of work I have completed the life history of the swallowtail butterfly in pictures, illustrating how the butterfly egg becomes a caterpillar which then changes into a chrysalis and finally

emerges as a butterfly.¹ The female swallowtail butterfly lays her eggs singly on the leaf of the sweet fennel. The egg is about the size of a pinhead and hatches into a caterpillar after ten days.

H. B. GRAY

Long Beach, Calif.



GROWING CATERPILLAR SHEDS SPINY SKIN (LEFT) FOR SMOOTH NEW COAT



STRANDS OF SILK HOLD HIM TO STEM (LEFT). SKIN COMES OFF HIS BACK



NEW CHRYSALIS (LEFT) QUICKLY CHANGES COLOR TO LOOK LIKE DEAD LEAF



IN 60 SEC. BUTTERFLY EMERGES (LEFT) AND LATER WINGS EXPAND



Golden Fizz Glasses and Tray Courtesy of Cartier

Distilled from 100% American Grain. 94.8 Proof • Copyright 1940, Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York, N. Y.

FASTER! FASTER!

"Speed's the thing in aquaplaning," says Florence Holliss, "but in a cigarette the fun and the *extras* go with slower burning...with Camels."



THERE'S A FRESH THRILL in every white-capped wave—a breath-taking bounce that says, *hang on or take your ducking!* Pretty Florence Holliss, riding the board above, likes the fast pace in sports. But in cigarettes, she prefers the slower-burning brand...Camels.



SLOWER BURNING MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE. THE MORE I SMOKE CAMELS, THE MORE I APPRECIATE THEIR MILDNESS AND COOLNESS. CAMELS GIVE ME EXTRA PLEASURE AND EXTRA SMOKING, TOO

"THE FASTER THE PACE, the more the fun," says Florence Holliss, above. That goes for all her favorite sports...aquaplaning, tennis, riding. But she likes her smoking *slow*. "I always smoke Camels," Florence says. "They burn slower and make smoking so much more enjoyable. Camels are extra mild and extra cool—and they have such a welcome flavor." Make Camels your cigarette and enjoy *extra* pleasure and *extra* smoking (see right).



In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER PACK!**

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SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU—

EXTRA MILDNESS

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EXTRA FLAVOR